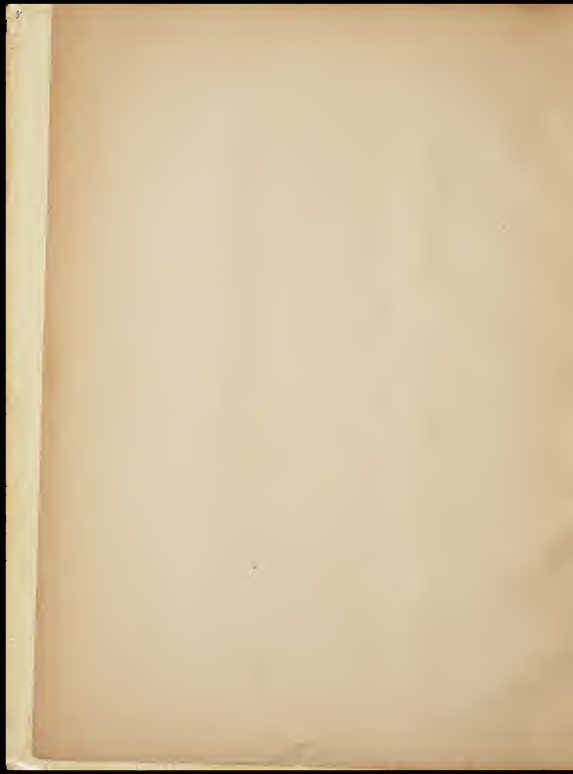


SIOUX  
MASSACRE & WAR  
1862.



# IN CAPTIVITY.

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The Experience, Privations and Dangers of Sam'l J. Brown, and Others, while Prisoners of the Hostile Sioux, during the Massacre and War of 1862.

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Also, an Account of the Perilous Ride made by Mr. Brown in 1865, to save the Frontier Settlement from Attack.

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The following historic sketch, written by Mr. Brown, was published in the Daily and Weekly REVIEW, and embraces the only authentic account of the Sioux Massacre and War from the Indian side. Mr. Brown, his mother, and sisters and brothers were prisoners with the hostile Indians from the beginning of the massacre, August 18th, 1862, until the release of the captives by General Sibley the latter part of September of the same year.

The writer is a son of the late Major Joseph R. Brown, probably the brainiest man among the early settlers of Minnesota. At the time of the Sioux outbreak Major Brown's family was living

in their comfortable home within a short distance of the Sioux agencies, and south of the Minnesota river. The writer has a remarkable memory, which, with the aid of a diary kept at the time, has enabled him to recall some intensely interesting incidents of captivity, and the dangers attending their retention in the hostile country.

The incidents have never before been published, they are told in an interesting manner, he writes fluently and his descriptive powers are graphic, and the article is a valuable contribution to Minnesota history, and especially the exciting period incident to the Sioux massacre and war.

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## REMINISCENSES.

### Of the Sioux Massacre and War of 1862.

Thrilling Incidents of Captivity With the Indians—By Saml. J. Brown, Esq. of Brown's Valley.

JOHN C. WISE, Esq., Mankato, Minn.

MY DEAR SIR:—In furnishing you with the following papers relative to the captivity of myself, mother, sisters and brothers, among the Indians during the Sioux outbreak of 1862, and of my ride during the war following the outbreak, I wish to say that the material was gleaned principally from diaries kept by myself and other members of the family, and the notations are supposed to be correct. These papers were originally prepared for the late Gov. Marshall, who wanted them for the Historical Society, but his death ended the idea of furnishing them as contemplated, and I take pleasure in submitting them to you for publication.

#### A Brief History of the "Sioux of the Mississippi"

so called in contradistinction from the "Sioux of the Missouri"—seems necessary to a proper understanding of the subject in hand. At the time of the outbreak of the Mdewakanton and Wahpekoota bands, under the leadership of Little Crow, the Sioux chief, the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands were living upon a reservation, and had an agency exclusively their own on the Minnesota river, above or north of the Yellow Medicine creek, and these bands were known as the Upper Sioux and the agency as the Upper or Yellow Medicine agency. Below or south of the Yellow Medicine creek, and also on the Minnesota river, were the Mdewakanton and the Wahpekoota bands also owning a reservation and an agency; these were known as the Lower Sioux and the agency as the Lower or Redwood agency. The Upper and Lower agencies were about 30 miles apart, and the business affairs of both were conducted under the supervision of one agent. These Indians were accustomed to meet at their respective agencies each year to receive their annuities, and were gathered in 1862 for this purpose. Owing to the delay of the disbursing agent they were kept in great distress for lack of food for nearly two months, waiting for their annuities.

The lower bands becoming impatient and because of wrongs, either real or supposed, which it is not worth while to mention in this connection, finally broke out and the dreadful massacre of 1862 followed. A few of these (lower) Indians remained loyal to the government, and some of them became scouts, but the bands, as bands, were engaged in hostilities. While a few of the young men of the upper bands joined in the hostilities the bands, as bands, were loyal to the government. They were principally instrumental in bringing about the final release of the captives, joined and did good service with the expeditions sent against the hostile Indians, rendered most valuable and efficient service as "avenging angels" of Fort Wadsworth or Totanka Republic, killing many Indians who were on hostile raids, and finally by the terror they inspired among the hostile Indians, stopped all hostile expeditions against the whites. The number of persons, according to the census, upon which the upper bands were paid their annuity money in 1861—last payment—was 4,524, and of this number seventeen were condemned to death. The number of persons, according to the census, upon which the lower bands were paid their annuity money in 1861—last payment previous to outbreak—was 3,213, and of this number 286 were condemned to death. Of the upper bands two were hung, and of the lower thirty-six.

At the time of the outbreak I was residing with my parents in a fine stone house, elegantly furnished, twenty-five miles above the lower or Redwood agency, and seven miles below the upper or Yellow Medicine agency, on the opposite side of the Minnesota river. This house was totally destroyed by the Indians, during the first week of the massacre, and the entire family (except my father who was absent looking after his steam wagon venture) made captives by Little Crow.

The following particulars connected with the affair are mainly notations taken from my old diaries and I do not hesitate to vouch for its absolute correctness.

#### FIRST INTIMATIONS OF OUTBREAK.

On Monday, the 18th of August, I went to Yellow Medicine with my sister Nellie, to get some washing done. On the way an Indian named Little Dog came out of his house, as we passed by, and beckoned to us to stop. We did so and he approached

us and as he came up we could see that he was troubled. He told us breathlessly that the lower bands had broken out and killed everybody at the agency, and were slaughtering the whites in the vicinity of Beaver Creek, and that they were killing everybody without mercy and without regard to age or sex, and intended to sweep the country as far as St. Paul. He begged us to turn back, tell mother, and get out of the country. He said that he warned us at the risk of his life. Little Dog was a "farmer" Indian, one of that band of Sioux braves who had their hair cut, their scalp locks taken from them by Uncle Sam in 1858, who discarded the Indian dress for that of the white man—the breech cloth for the pantaloons—who lived in a brick house instead of a skin tepee, drove oxen instead of horses, and depended for his subsistence upon the plow and hoe instead of the bow and arrow. As Little Dog has attributed his present prosperous condition with this change to my father when he was Indian agent from 1857 to 1861, he naturally had a warm spot for his family. But the Indian was an inveterate liar. Indeed he was regarded as one of the greatest liars in the country, and besides, "Indian swear" had become so frequent that we paid no attention to the warning and drove on. This was about noon, and as we were passing the agency headquarters, one and a half or two miles further on, George Gleason, the government clerk there, came out to our carriage and chatted with us. He said he was going away that afternoon with Mrs. Wakefield—wife of the agency physician—he to visit his people in the east, and she to visit with friends at Shakopee, Minn. He promised that when he got back he and Hon. James W. Lynd would visit with us at our home, and spend the fall hunting, fishing, horseback riding, etc. About three miles further on we arrived at the washerwoman's—near Dr. Williamson's old mission station. As we were coming away an old Indian woman ran up and told us (in a whisper) that we had better be getting away, as there would soon be trouble. We drove rapidly to the agency and stopped at John Faddeu's for dinner. We there asked an Indian woman, who was doing washing at the hotel, if she had heard any news, and if there was any trouble among the Indians. She said she had not, but when we told her what we had heard she said that all this talk grew out of the report that the Missouri Indians were

coming over on a horse stealing expedition, and that the people were excited over it.

We left the agency at about half-past three, George Benson and Mrs. Wakefield had just left. When we reached home that evening we told all we had heard. My brother Angus and brother-in-law, Charles Blair, pook-pooked the idea of trouble with the Indians, but mother was scared. After we had all gone to bed she locked and bolted the outside doors and then retired.

#### MORNING REST DISTURBED.

About four o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, August 19th, while lying half awake in my bed, I heard someone outside, directly under my room window. (I was up in a back room in the third story.) I heard someone outside calling in a loud voice a number of times for "Brown! Brown! Brown!" But I was tired from the trip to Yellow Medicine the day before and was sleepy and therefore did not feel disposed to answer the call. An ox train from Forest City on the way to the agency had camped the evening before on the hill just back of the house, and as I kept a ferry I thought the voice came from one of the teamsters, who wanted to cross on the ferry. I lay abed perfectly still, half awake, and listening, when Charles Blair, who was occupying a room adjoining mine, raised the window and called out: "What do you want this time of night," and the answer came: "For God's sake hurry, Indians are burning everybody at the agency. The Yanktonnais are burning the stores and killing everybody. I have barely escaped with my life—for God's sake hurry."

This brought me into awakenfulness. I lost no time in getting into my clothes and hastening down stairs. I do not know how I got down two flights of stairs, but think I slid down most of the way on the banisters, for I was very soon at the bottom, and in the dining room, listening to the particulars of the attack on the stores—of the burning, plundering and killing—from the lips of old Peter Rouillard, an old Canadian Frenchman, who had lived with the Indians for many years.

#### PRESSING OXEN INTO SERVICE.

We became very much alarmed. Mother told me to awake Lonsman, the hired man, and send him at once for the horses. I rushed to Lonsman's room, but found it locked, and I pounded and kicked, and finally I succeeded in waking

him and getting him out of bed. He immediately started for the horses (they were running loose on the prairie) and after eluding them around a bit and failing to catch them he went to the cattle yard, where we had over 100 head of oxen and cows, and yoked three pair of oxen and hurried hitched them to three lumber wagons. By this time five or six families, neighbors of ours arrived, two Ingalls girls, Charles Holmes, Leopold Wohler and his wife, Garvie's cook and two or three others whose names I cannot now recall. We gave them two of the teams and kept one for ourselves. All got into the wagons and started for Fort Ridgely, thirty-five miles below us. We started up the hill back of the house and then took the Ridgely road. My brother Angus and brother-in-law, Charles Blair, caught a horse apiece and remained behind intending that should any Indians be seen approaching the house to mount and gallop after us. We had gone but a mile or so, however, when they caught up to us—concluding it was not safe to stay. They had ridden out to the teams camped back of the house on the Forest City road and told the men to unload their teams and hurry back—that the Indians were killing the whites and they would surely be killed if discovered. There were two teams and both were loaded with flour for the agency. (The drivers made good their escape.)

We jogged along pretty fast—the oxen being kept on a trot—and calculated that we would reach the Fort about noon or little after. When we had gone about six miles we saw some people a mile or two to the right of us, near the timber on the brow of the hill, but supposed they were white men working on their farms (The Yanktonnais whom we were afraid of lived above us.) These people were running back and forth. They soon began to run towards us, or rather to scatter out towards the road ahead of us. Very soon an Indian half-naked and on horseback popped up before us from behind a knoll, and began to beckon the others toward him, and before we knew it we were surrounded.

#### THE AWFUL CUT-NOSE—RECIPROCAL FRIENDSHIP.

Mother at once grasped the situation. Little Dog had told the truth. We were in the midst of the murdering Indians. She knew that to save us she must speak and make herself known. She must do so quickly or we would be killed. So she stood up

in the wagon, and waving her shawl she cried in a loud voice that she was a Shoseton—a relative of Wakanatan, Scarlet Plume, Sweetcorn, Ah-kee-pah and the friend of Standing Buffalo, that she had come down this way for protection and hoped to get it. We immediately saw swarms of Indians around us. They were popping out of the grass on every side and in every direction—every blade of which seemed to have suddenly turned into an Indian, all rounding towards us; some with blackened faces and bloody hands, came up and demanded that we be killed. The awful Cut Nose, the terrible Shinkopee or Little Six, and the imprudent Downwinn, three of the worst among the lower Sioux, came to us first, shaking their bloody tomahawks menacingly in our faces. They were the most savage looking of the lot—perfect man-eaters in appearance. We had brought along two shot guns, but no ammunition. The barrels were empty and we were completely in the power of the Indians. But there happened to be one in the crowd that took our part. He rushed up to our wagon with gun in one hand and uplifted tomahawk in the other intending to massacre us, when he happened to recognize my mother. This Indian had once (the winter before) come to our house when he was freezing, and mother took him in and warmed him. He told the other Indians of this and said he remembered it and would show his appreciation of the kind act by protecting us. Upon recognizing mother he jumped into our wagon and shouted at the top of his voice: "This woman," pointing to mother, "saved my life last winter, and I shall save her's now," and in an impassioned speech declared that not a hair on our heads should be molested. The others then withdrew sullenly, saying "they would kill the white men anyway." There were five of these white men besides Blair and Lonsman, and each Indian had selected his victim—the particular one he was to shoot. But mother knew the Indians too well to allow any killing to be done. Besides her desire to save the lives of these white men, she knew that if they once got to killing and scalping in her presence their savage natures would become uncontrollable and we would all meet the same fate. So she begged that their lives be spared. She begged them not to kill these unoffending white men who had come to her for protection. When she saw

that they were not disposed to turn from their purpose she angrily demanded that their lives be spared—telling them plainly and eloquently that unless they did so the vengeance of the upper Sioux would fall upon them. "Save them, save them, what do you mean?" says Cut Nose, with bloody hands and face and arms. "Save them," he replied, "are you not grateful that your own life is spared?"

#### A BRAVE WOMAN—A HUSBAND'S AFFECTION.

"Remember what I say, if you harm any of these friends of mine, you will have to answer to Scarlet Plum, Ah-kee-pah, Standing Buffalo and the whole Sisseton and Wapeton tribe," continued mother, and then appealed to her friend for help. Whereupon he with Cut Nose, Shakopee (or Little Six), Dowaunye, and all the other Indians, repaired to a mound close by and held a council. They soon came running back to the wagons where we were all buddled together (twenty-six of us) and informed us that mother and her family, including Blair and Lonsman, could all live but the rest must die. They had vowed at the commencement of the outbreak, the day before, they said, to spare no white man, and should they spare these, Little Crow and the Soldiers' Lodge would have them (the warriors) all shot. Mother again pleaded and then argued and at last threatened, and all went to the mound again to talk the matter over. After much bitter wrangling, and mainly through the persuasive eloquence of our friend, they reluctantly decided to accede to the wishes of my mother, that is, to spare the lives of the white men and let them go. Holmes, Wohler and Garvie's cook and one other, were ordered to start off at once across the prairie in the direction of the big woods, while old Peter Rouillard was ordered back to his Indian wife at Yellow Medicine. The three women—Mrs. Wohler, Misses Jennie and Amanda Ingalls—were ordered to remain still in their wagon. Then all the men ran off—four in one direction and one in another. Immediately one of the four (Mr. Wohler) turned and ran back to get his boots. Cut Nose ran up to him, while mother was screaming for help, and cocked his gun and threatened to shoot him if he did not hurry off. Leopold picked up one boot and started off, but turned again and ran back for the other, when in the midst of mother's screaming, the Indians

again drove him away. But this was not all. Leopold went a little ways and returned the third time. It so happened that in the excitement he had not offered to kiss his wife good-bye. Cut Nose was lending her off when Leopold ran up, hailing his breast, saying: "Shoot me, but I shall first kiss my wife." Mr. Wohler was but recently married and was desperately in earnest. This act completely paralyzed the Indians, for they stood like statues while Wohler embraced his pretty young wife and showered her with kisses, then broke loose and ran away. With the exception of Blair and Lonsman the men were now all gone. Lonsman, the Indians said, must stay and drive the oxen and do chores for my mother, while Blair would be attended to later on. The white women—Mrs. Wohler and the two Misses Ingalls—were then parceled out among the Indians and ordered to follow them. One beautiful young girl of about 17 years of age refused to alight from the wagon when ordered to do so. Cut Nose had told her he wanted her for his wife, and to get out of the wagon and follow him. She screamed and resisted, when he drew his knife and grabbed her by the hair and threatened to scalp her and frightened her so that she got out and he led her away. Presently the Indians came back with the women and ordered them all to get into one of the wagons—our family and Lonsman and Blair, sixteen in all, being in the other—and started, for we knew not where, the Indians ordering us to follow them.

#### INDIAN FRANKS.

One hideous looking fellow—Dowanniye by name—who was on horseback, rode up to our wagon and snatched my sister's hat from her head and placed it upon his own and then commenced singing the war song. He was very merry. He would shout and yell at the top of his voice and any that the Indians would have a good time now, and that if they got killed it would be all right; that the whites were trying to starve them to death to get rid of them and were delaying the payment for that purpose; that he preferred to be shot and to die as becomes a Sioux rather than to be starved to death. He jerked off Lonsman's vest and put it on inside out, Lonsman got very angry at this, and demanded its return. He wanted it back he said, because there was a twenty dollar gold piece in one of the pockets—all the

money he had in the world—and the Indian might lose it. He was making a great fuss over this, when Blair ordered him to shut up or he would throw him out of the wagon. Lonsman quieted down and muttering something about "making that Indian pay for this some day," Shakopee or Little Six, who was also on horseback, would now and then gallop ahead and then suddenly turn and with a whoop and a yell dash toward us and cock his gun and eye us fiercely. Mother did not like this. She told him that she wanted none of his foolishness around her, and that he must either shoot and kill or stop his antics. He would reply that we were his prisoners and should not talk so much, and then commenced singing the war song. He would shake his tomahawk at Blair and Lonsman and then repeat the war song that got so familiar afterwards, viz:

"Iaxien-canse-moye-ca-e,  
Niyake-bawahun-hun-we."

The English of which is: "The Dutch have made me so angry, I will hutebete them alive." When he saw that mother was not afraid of him he quit his fooling.

#### SAVAGE BRUTALITY.

We had proceeded but a little ways when we came upon four dead bodies—three men and one woman—all horribly mutilated. Our captors had committed the murders. The men had been mowing, and the woman had been raking hay. Their scythes and pitchforks lay near—the woman had a pitchfork sticking in her person, and one of the men had a scythe sticking into his body. Cut Nose gleefully told that he had killed this man and described how he did it. The man was mowing, he said, and he went up to him in a friendly manner and offered his hand, and as the white man threw down his scythe and reached out his hand the Indian drew his knife and like a flash plunged it into the white man's breast, just under the chin, whereupon the white man grasped him around the waist and both struggled for the mastery, when they fell—the white man on top. In working the knife into his breast the Indian got his thumb into the white man's mouth and "got bit." The knife in the hands of the Indian soon touched a vital spot and the white man rolled off, dead. Cut Nose held up his bitten thumb. It was bitten and chewed, and was lacerated most horribly.

#### THE FIEND CUT NOSE.

This fiend in human shape, this man Cut Nose, presented a most for-

bidden, horrifying spectacle. With his bloody thumb he had besmeared his naked body, with his blackened face and long bushy hair like a Zulu's, and a half nose (one of his nostrils was missing) he was by far the ugliest looking and most repulsive specimen of humanity I had ever seen.

He was hung at Mankato along with thirty-seven others Dec. 26, 1862, and my father was the signal officer on that occasion—tipped the drum that cut the rope that held the trap that sent Cut Nose to the happy hunting grounds.

#### MASSACRE OF CAPT. MARSH'S MEN.

Our Indian captors then took us to their camp on the Rice creek, about seven miles above the lower or Redwood agency on the Minnesota river, which we reached about noon. Here we learned that on the day before all the soldiers sent out from Fort Ridgely had been massacred at the lower agency ferry. An Indian had a mule team which he said he had captured there. He had them hitched to a wagon, but was afraid he could not manage them, so Angus and I drove them about a mile.

#### HIDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We remained at this camp but one hour or two, when it broke up and all moved toward the main or Little Crow's camp, seven miles below. We stopped at the house of John Moore, a mixed blood Sioux, while the train moved on and camped on the hill across the Redwood river. At Moore's we were put up stairs in a dark room and told to remain quiet, for bad Indians were around, and if we were seen we might be killed. Several captive women were there besides ourselves, but owing to the darkness we did not recognize them. In a few minutes three savage looking Indians came up and ordered us away, saying that we could go to the camp on the hill. They ordered the other captives to remain, while we groped our way in the darkness down stairs and out of the house, got into the wagon and drove off, following the Indians. When we got about half way to the camp and as we were crossing the Redwood creek, we suddenly missed our Indian guides. We supposed they crawled into the bushes on the bank of the creek and hid from us, so we wandered on toward the camp.

#### MORE HARDSHIPS.

At foot of the hill a few hundred yards further we passed a white woman with six children, the eldest not more than ten years of age, two in

ber arms, two on her back and two traveling on behind. She was accompanied by a half-naked Indian with a gun on his shoulder and a tomahawk in his hand. We stopped and asked the woman to get in, but the Indian would not let her. He said the woman was his and would do as he pleased with her and ordered us to hurry on. He looked so fierce and ugly that we were afraid he might make quick work of us, so we passed on and went up the hill. About a half a mile further on we arrived at the camp, but were sternly told to "go on"—onto Little Crow's camp, a few miles further on. Mother begged to remain until morning, but the Indians were obstinate. She was told to "go on, go on, no Dutchman wanted." This was a heavy blow to mother, and she for the first time that day broke down and commenced to cry. She gave up all hopes and told Lonsman to drive down the road. There was no escape and we must all die. It was quite dark and Indians were returning from their bloody work. We felt that death was staring us in the face as we drove along.

#### A FRIEND.

But we had not gone more than a mile when an Indian woman, standing on the road side in front of her house as we were passing along, recognized mother and hailed her and we stopped. She asked us in. We drove up to the door and all quietly alighted. Indians passing along—going to and coming from Little Crow's camp below and the camp above—would stop and ask all sorts of questions—who we were, what we wanted, etc. The Indian woman would not allow Lonsman to enter the house, saying that his presence would endanger the lives of the rest of us. She advised him to run through the corn field and into the woods back of the house and follow the river down to Fort Ridgely—about sixteen miles. He laughed at the idea, saying that he was not afraid of the Indians, and started off in the direction of the camp we had just left.

#### GETS A SITUATION.

It so happened that he reached the camp in safety and entered the first lodge he came to, and went in and found an old Indian woman there. She was delighted to see the white man. She had no one to live with and wanted some one to cut wood, bring water, etc., and set at once to work and prepared sup-

per. Lonsman had not tasted a mouthful all day and was hungry and he ate heartily, and then went to bed, laying down on a buffalo robe and went to sleep. After a hearty breakfast the next morning the old woman gave him the ax and told him to chop some wood in the timber just back of the lodge, which was at one end of the camp. While at work there was quite a stir at the other end of the camp—great excitement and everybody running until not a soul was left in his immediate neighborhood. Lonsman dropped the axe and ran into the woods and made good his escape.

#### CRUELTY OF INDIAN BOYS.

The excitement was caused by a white boy being stoned, clubbed and beaten to death, and shot with arrows by Indian boys. Lonsman says he went back to the old home that we had left so suddenly the day before and killed a pig, threw it on his back and walked to Henderson, a distance of some sixty miles.

#### AT LITTLE CROW'S CAMP.

As soon as we got into the house the good Indian woman hurried us upstairs out of the way, and got something to eat for us. We had not eaten a mouthful all day, and the children particularly were overjoyed when supper was announced, after which and as soon as we had donned the Indian dress—the leggings and blankets—which had been given to Angus and I, two of Little Crow's head warriors who happened in advised mother to send her sons to the Chief's camp. Fearing treachery she at first demurred, but finally consented and Angus and I and the two Indians started for Little Crow's camp, three or four miles down the river. Our mission was to call upon the chief and deliver to him a message from mother. The mission was a delicate one, for we did not know what would be our fate, Little Crow being regarded as a very dangerous man. We arrived at the camp sometime after dark. It was all excitement—singing, dancing, shouting, yelling and the beating of the tom-tom. We walked through the crowd and into the chief's house unnoticed by the rabble. Little Crow was in his own house and the great camp was pitched around it—numbers some 250 or 300 lodges.

We found the chief at home, with his three Indian wives and five white women that he was keeping. He greeted us very cordially and at once asked about mother, and gave us a blanket apiece and told us to go

after her immediately, for he wanted to see that she was properly cared for—made comfortable. He ordered one of his head warriors to return with us.

Of course we were delighted over the success of our mission. Mother was afraid we might be killed, but now we had good news for her. We hurried back and hitched up the oxen and all got into the wagon and started for Crow's camp. It was now very dark, but we had no difficulty in keeping the road. We were constantly meeting Indians who were returning from the attacks on New Ulm and Fort Ridgely. They would stop and peer at us through the darkness and act threateningly, but after an explanation by the warrior who was our guide we would be permitted to pass on. But on one occasion our lives were in imminent danger. We met a party of drunken Indians who wanted to kill us, and our friend, the warrior-guide, interceded and saved our lives. Upon telling them who we were and that Little Crow had sent for mother and that he would defend his charge with his life, if necessary, they sobered up and let us go.

We finally reached the camp, which was in a perfect uproar as before, and all got out of the wagon and proceeded in Indian file through the camp to the chief's house, which we reached at about 10 o'clock at night.

#### LITTLE CROW'S ANXIETY AND PLANS.

When mother entered the chief arose from his couch and stepped up and greeted her very cordially, and then handed her a cup of cold water and told to her drink, saying that she was his prisoner now. We were all hurried up stairs and told to remain quiet. The chief gave us robes and blankets and told us to lie down and go to sleep. He would sneak up stairs and ask mother (in a whisper) if she was comfortable, how the children were, etc. He was anxious to get into conversation with her, and finally said to her that he wanted her to know all about the troubles that have so suddenly come upon his people, and he wanted to tell her about it. He said in substance that his young men had started to massacre; that he at first opposed the movement with all his might, but when he saw he could not stop it he joined them in their madness against his better judgment, but now did not regret it and was never more in earnest in his life; that the plan was for the Winnebago Indians to sweep down the Minnesota river from Man-

kato to St. Paul the Chippewa Indians down the Mississippi from Crow Wing to St. Paul, and the lower Sioux down between the two rivers from lower agency through the big woods at St. Paul; that all would meet in the neighborhood of the confluence of the two rivers and make a grand charge on Fort Snelling; that this was a stone fort and might take a day or two to batter the walls down.

#### METHOD IN HIS KINDNESS.

The chief was very kind to us, and assured us that we would not be harmed, that he would take as good care of us as he would if we were members of his own family.

The wily old fellow! He was working for the aid and support of the Upper Sioux. He knew of mother's influence over Standing Buffalo, Waanatan, Scarlet Plume, Sweet Corn Red Iron, A-kee-pah, and other influential Sisseton and Wahpeton chiefs. He was afraid, he said once, that he could not keep Blair alive until morning, that the young men outside were bloodthirsty and desperate, and should they learn that a white man was in camp there was no telling what might happen.

The chief got some vermilion and daubed Blair's face with the red paint, and gave him a new red Mackinac blanket and a pair of red leggings, and pulled off his own moccasins and put them on Blair's feet, and then cautioned us to remain quiet, as had Indians were near by, and then went back down stairs.

#### OUR SCALPS DEMANDED.

About midnight someone came to see Little Crow. He told the chief that it was rumored about camp that a white man and some strangers were in the house,—that the warriors were very angry about it, and he wanted to know if there was any foundation to the rumor. When told that there was, and that we were Sisseton mixed bloods and his friends, the man got very angry and insisted that we should all be killed at once. He said that no prisoners ought to be taken,—that the Sissetons were a different people and had no claim whatever on the Lower Sioux and the mixed bloods of that tribe are no better than white people, and should be treated the same as the whites.

#### A COUNCIL DEMANDED.

He wanted Little Crow to call a council at once. But the chief told the man that we were his friends, that Standing Buffalo, Scarlet Plume, Ah-kee-pah, and Sweet Corn were his

friends, and he would protect us, that it was too late for a council that night, and then compelled the man to leave.

#### BLAIR SPIRITED AWAY.

As soon as the man had gone away, Little Crow came quietly upstairs and told mother that he had just had a stormy interview with his (Crow's) private secretary, that the secretary had just left the house in a very angry mood. We had heard through a stove pipe hole all that had been said, so that we were prepared. Mother and Little Crow talked over the matter, and they both agreed that not only was Blair's life in danger, but the lives of all of us, including that of Little Crow himself. The only hope was to get Blair away—send him off in the dark. My mother and Mrs. Blair resolved to do this. They at once went to work to get him ready. They gave him what crackers they had, and Little Crow gave him a shawl to wrap around his head, and then summoned his head warrior and instructed him to lead Blair down stairs and out through the camp, and down through the woods to the river bank—nearly a hundred yards back of the house—and leave him there to make his escape as best he could. Little Crow said to Mrs. Blair: "I have known your mother for many years. She is a good woman, and in sending your husband away I am risking my life for her and for you all to-night. Be brave, your husband shall live."

After a sad farewell, Blair was taken away. He was dressed in full Indian costume.

#### PRIVATION AND SUFFERING.

Fort Ridgely was but about fifteen miles away, and yet the poor fellow was seven days getting to it. He was a consumptive and could not stand any hardships. He forded the Minnesota river a few minutes after the Indian had left him and crawled into a thicket where he remained until the next night. He then traveled until exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He lay in the tall grass on the flats opposite the Lower Agency, near the road. Indians on the war-path were constantly passing and he could not go on. Finally becoming crazed with hunger and from sheer desperation, and after five days and six nights of hiding, he got up at day-break one morning and staggered out to the road and started out for the fort, about ten miles distant, which he reached after the lapse of seven

days and eight nights from the time he left Little Crow's house.

The exposure was too much for his naturally weak frame and he kept sinking until February following, when at Henderson with his wife and children around him, death claimed as a victim.

#### SUSPECTED AND UNDER ARREST.

It has been said that upon Blair's arrival at the fort he was terribly emaciated, weak, and hardly able to walk or to speak; that he could only mutter a few words and that with difficulty and incoherently; that upon learning that he was a son-in-law of Major Brown, and because he was dressed in full Indian costume and had his face painted—a la Sioux brave—he was looked upon with suspicion and placed under arrest, as a spy; that he was kept in durance vile until the arrival of Gen. Shibley, who ordered his release instantly, and severely reprimanded the commanding officer. In justice to Col. Tom Sheehan, who was then, I believe, the officer in command at the fort, I will say that he denies this story in toto.

#### THE TERRORS OF THE NIGHT.

We passed a miserable night, did not sleep a wink. We were afraid that we might be attacked and massacred, that we might at any moment be fired upon by the half-crazed Indians outside. The night passed, however, without any attempt to take our lives.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

The next morning (Wednesday, the 20th) old Aunt Judy (Hazonwin) a good old Indian woman whom we had known for many years, and who was now the mother-in-law of Little Crow's head warrior, came to the house and took us away. She took us to her daughter's tee-pee or lodge, near by, and gave us something to eat. She kept us there and took as good care of us as she could. I shall never forget the crackers and molasses she used to feed us on. We had all we wanted. She would never let us go hungry. She was always asking about our comfort—was afraid mischievous Indians might attempt to scare us or drunken Indians might shoot us. She got her son-in-law to guard us at night.

#### SERVED HIM RIGHT.

One evening as my sister (Mrs. Blair) had just been frying hard bread or crackers, and had just put away the frying pan half filled with hot grease near the doorway or entrance to the lodge, when a drunken

Indian came in and squatted there. He made insulting remarks and then turned to go out, and as he did so accidentally placed his hand in the hot pan of grease. With a yell of pain he rushed out and disappeared in the darkness. He never came back.

#### INDIAN BRAVERY AND ELOQUENCE.

On Saturday, the 23rd, Ah-kee-pah arrived from Yellow Medicine. He had heard that Little Crow held us captives, and had come back to take us away—to take us back to Yellow Medicine, where our relatives and friends were living. Soon after his arrival one of Little Crow's warriors taunted the Wahpeton chief with cowardice, saying, among other things that (Ah-kee-pah) had not so much as killed one white man—not even a babe. He stepped in the midst of the crowd that had gathered around him and made a speech that opened their eyes. He declared that there was no bravery in killing helpless men and women and little children, but that it was simply cowardice, and cowards would only boast of it—that if he had found that any of his relatives had been harmed he would have gone about tomahawking the whole camp, "slaughtering the braves (?) like slaughtering a lot of beaver on dry land." He said, "when the sun arose that was to witness the horrors of an indiscriminate massacre of the whites in the valley of the Minnesota, regardless of age or sex, by the lower Sioux, the upper bands were peacefully attending to their crops on their own reservation, or hunting the buffalo on the distant prairies, the report of that day's work reached our ears in a more astounding tone than that of the voice of the Great Spirit issuing from the 'dark clouds of the west.'"

#### RESUMING OUR JOURNEY.

The next morning, on Sunday, the 24th, we left Little Crow's camp and started for Yellow Medicine, Ah-kee-pah putting us all into one wagon and driving, his head soldier accompanying us, and we were now in the hands of our relatives and friends and left safe.

#### RESULTS OF THE MASSACRE.

Near the Redwood river we saw the dead body of poor George Gleason (whom we had seen but a few days before,) lying in the road with a stone imbedded in his skull. We saw no other dead bodies near or in

fact between that and the upper agency.

It appears that when Mr. Gleason and Mrs. Wakefield came along they met some Indians who shot the man and took the woman prisoner.

#### AMONG OUR FRIENDS.

We reached Yellow Medicine that afternoon and at once moved into one of the vacated agency buildings, the residence of Dr. Wakefield, and remained there until Thursday, the 28th, when Little Crow's whole camp moved up from the Lower Agency. They passed by and ordered us to follow them, which we did. We moved up and located our camp near a creek west of the Hazlewood mission station, lately vacated by Rev. S. R. Riggs. The Upper Indians made this their camping ground, while the Lower Indians pitched their camp on the opposite side of the creek, the two camps being about a mile apart.

#### GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS BURNED.

On that day the government buildings at Yellow Medicine, and all the stores and other buildings there were burned and totally destroyed by the Indians. Our house followed suit.

#### ATTEMPTS TO COERCE FRIENDLY INDIANS.

In the evening several hundred of Little Crow's warriors came over to our camp on horseback, whooping, yelling and firing off their guns. They surrounded our camp and ordered the Upper Sioux to move at once to the camp of the Lower Sioux on the opposite side of the creek, saying that this was the will of the Soldiers' Lodge and must be obeyed; that unless we complied instantly our lodges would be cut up and destroyed, and we would be punished severely. The Upper Sioux protested against this most vigorously. They said plainly that they would not only not comply with the insolent demands of the Lower Sioux, who inaugurated the outbreak and must assume all responsibilities connected with it, and who moved into the country of the Upper Sioux without invitation, but would take up arms against them and die on the spot rather than move into the camp of the insane followers of Little Crow. Bitter wrangling followed, and the visitors finally left with threats of returning in the morning with a larger force and compelling obedience.

#### DEFENSIVE MEASURES.

The Upper Sioux, immediately upon the departure of the Lower Sioux warriors, sent out runners to

the several camps and houses of the farmer Indians near by, and called in the people. In an incredibly short time several hundred half-naked and painted Indians came running into camp, armed to the teeth with guns, bows and arrows, knives, and pitchforks, ready for a fight. They at once set to work and pitched a large teepee or lodge, in the center of the camp, and formed a "soldiers' lodge"—a sort of committee of ways and means, composed of warriors of the tribe, from whose decision there is no appeal—and immediately decided upon taking some offensive action—to let Little Crow and his warriors understand once for all that they would not be permitted to ride rough shod over the whole Sioux nation, and that they were trespassers upon the lands of the Upper Sioux and had better behave themselves, or they would be ordered and driven off.

This was the nucleus of the friendly camp that was afterwards so instrumental in saving the lives of the captives.

#### DISCRETION BETTER THAN VALOR.

On the next morning, the 29th, the lower Indians, some 300 or 400 half naked and painted warriors, came again, all on horseback, whooping and yelling as before, and surrounded our camp, but on noticing the soldiers' lodge in the center the visitors hasted away. They had evidently come for mischief—to carry out their threats of the day before—but the business appearance of the big lodge in the center opened their eyes and scared them away.

#### STANDING UP FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

Immediately after they left, the "friendly" (hereafter I shall call them that instead of Upper Sioux) got their chiefs and warriors together, painted their faces and bodies, took their guns, bows and arrows and knives, mounted their horses, and proceeded to the camp of the Lower Sioux. They were going to demand all the property in the hands of Little Crow and his people belonging to the Sisseton and Wahpeton mixed bloods. The Lower Sioux had cattle, horses, wagons, carriages and other property belonging to my mother, and I was taken along to identify them. There were 75 or 100 in the party and all went singing, shouting, yelling, and firing guns. We entered the camp amid great excitement, and proceeded direct to the Soldiers' Lodge, pitched on a mound in the center of the camp. We rode up to within about fifty feet

of the lodge, and surrounded it and then dismounted, and held our horses by the bridle bits, while Little Paul, the spokesman for the friendlies, stepped to the front and delivered a speech in which he demanded the property. There were upwards of 100 of the chiefs and warriors of the hostiles (hereafter I shall call them that instead of the lower Sioux) lounging about in and around the big lodge. They were savage looking fellows, but that fact did not deter Little Paul from expressing himself without any fear whatever. Objections to the demand were at once interposed and bitter wrangling, followed, and, for a time the interview seriously threatened a bloody termination. The demands were, however, finally acceded to, after finding that the friendlies were determined to have their own way. The hostiles suggested that we should go through the camp and hunt up our property.

We did so and discovered a horse belonging to my mother standing near a lodge, tied to a wagon. I pointed it out and the party went up to take it when the Indians rushed out of the lodge and ordered us not to touch the animal. The friendlies said they must have it and one of them went toward the horse when the hostile drew a bow from its quiver and quickly fixed an arrow in it and vowed he would pierce it through and kill it on the spot rather than let it go. The friendlies told him that we were warriors and belonged to the soldiers' lodge and must not be fooled with, and one of them dismounted and ran up to the horse, cut the rope or halter with which it was tied and led it away, the hostile not daring to make good his threat. It looked serious for a few moments. If the hostile had shot the horse the friendlies would surely have shot him to pieces, and there is no telling where the troubles would have ended.

[EXPLANATORY—In the introductory chapter of "Reminiscences" in defining the relations of the Upper and Lower Sioux tribes it was stated that seventeen of the former and 286 of the latter were condemned to death. This was the finding of the court, as we understand it, afterwards modified by President Lincoln's review and decree, but Mr. Brown wishes the words "or imprisonment" added, which would correctly read "condemned to death or imprisonment." Of the Indians hung at Mankato two belonged to the upper bands and thirty-six of

the lower bands. In addition Little Six and Medicine Bottle were hanged at Fort Snelling in 1863 or 1864, and John Campbell at Mankato in 1865, making in all thirty-nine of the lower bands hung during the Indian war, which commenced Aug. 18, 1862, and ended June 1, 1865, according to official records. Inquiry has also been made as to the fate of Standing Buffalo. He was killed in a fight with the Crow Indians, Mr. Brown thinks, in 1866. "He was always a friend of the whites—loyal to the last—a truly good Indian."] —

#### A SLENDER THREAD.

The fate of the captives hung on a very slender thread. When the hostile was told we were warriors and belonged to the soldier's lodge and must not be fooled with he pointed to me and sneeringly remarked: "Is he not a captive? You must be hard up for warriors."

#### WHAT WE OWED TO THE FRIENDLIES.

We next went where our carriage stood and took that away, and then to another place and secured another one of mother's horses. We then went singing and whooping and firing off guns back to our camp. Here we remained for some days, the friendlies and hostiles camping apart. But for the dangers braved by these friendlies, but for the firm stand taken by them, not a captive would have been saved—all would have been killed, including mixed-bloods and "farmer" Indians. As it was we barely escaped massacre at the hands of the hostiles on any occasion.

#### BOASTING OF EXPLOITS.

The Indians are fond of telling of their adventures, their exploits on the warpath. It is sickening to hear them boast of their devilish deeds. They say it is like play to fight the whites. Little Crow, who comes whenever he can to chat with mother, remarked one day that since the second attack on Fort Ridgely he had been suffering with a headache.

#### MADE HIS HEAD ACHIE.

"What gave you the headache, were you scared so much as that?" she asked.

"Why," says he, laughing. "I was lying on the brow of a hill near the fort taking a nap when we were teasing the whites, shooting them through the windows of the fort and hearing them scream and cry like babies. I lay with my head on a huge rock for a pillow, and hearing the boom of a big gun I woke suddenly and peered over the rock to see

what the matter was, and saw a cannon ball coming. I quickly dodged and struck my head on the rock and have had a pain ever since. "But seriously," he went on, "I am worried—ammunition is giving out. We could of course use clubs, sticks and stones, and drive the whites out of the country, but they are numerous like the grass on the prairie—that it would take a long time." (These boasts were made to keep up the courage of the young men.)

#### A FRIEND ARRIVES.

On Saturday, the 6th of September, Scarlet Plume, a leading Sisseton chief, arrived from above, from his camp at the head of Lake Traverse. He assured mother that she would not be detained as captive much longer, that as soon as the Sissetons returned to their planting grounds on Lake Traverse from their buffalo hunt on the plains northwest of there, where they now are, they would come down in a body and take us away by force, if necessary, and deliver us over to the whites.

#### FEATHERS AND ALL.

I witnessed a singular spectacle today. One of Little Crow's warriors swallowed a bird whole, feathers and all. The warrior's son, a boy about ten years old, had shot and killed with his bow and arrow a little bird that had been hopping about on the prairie, and brought it home in triumph, when the father, in honor of the feat, and as an encouragement for the little warrior to preserve in that line and perform greater deeds, called the crowd together and taking the bird and dipping it in grease swallowed it and then smacked his lips with gusto and relish.

#### MOVING CAMP.

On Monday, the 8th, the camp criers of both camps went around telling the people to break camp the next morning and proceed up the river. We had camped here since the 28th of August. Very early Tuesday morning, the 9th, both camps broke up and started, making a train five or six miles long, and arrived at Red Iron's village that afternoon.

#### STOPPING THEIR PROGRESS.

When we approached the village, which was afterwards known as Camp Release, Chief Red Iron and his warriors came out to meet us and there came very near being a serious row between the Red Iron faction of the Upper Sioux and Little Crow's people. The former came up whooping and yelling and firing off guns

and ordering the latter to halt. They were told to proceed no further into the Sisseton country, saying, "you commenced the outbreak, and must do the fighting in your country. We do not want you here to excite our young men and get us into trouble," and so the whole train stopped and went into camp.

#### NEWS FROM THE FORT.

The Robertson boys, whom the friendlies had dispatched to the Fort on a mission of peace a few days ago returned today and we were informed the father was sick there, suffering from a gun shot wound received in the battle of Birch Coulee.

#### HOW THEY ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

The afternoon was lively. No sooner were the camps pitched than dancing and feasting was commenced. Some rode about on horseback, singing war songs. Charley Crawford, with father's uniform on and a prancing steed, made a fine appearance. George Washington on charger was "nowhere." The dancers had the long red whiskers of a white man dangling from a pole in the center of the ring around which the half-crazed warriors and their women and girls danced. One after another the half-naked and painted warriors would spring into the ring and make a speech. Each would boast of the exploits, relate his daring deeds. Then all would join in the demoniac dance, with yells, whoops and songs and the beating of the tom-tom.

#### KILLED A WHOLE FAMILY. HELLISH BRUTALITY.

One hideous looking fellow jumped into the ring and gave the drum a tap with the flat side of his tomahawk, which act was a signal for the drummers to cease beating, and proceeded to narrate his adventures that day. He said he had despatched three—a man, a woman, and a child—and then proceeded to act out the sufferings of his victims. He declared that he had destroyed a whole family for which he deserved much honor. That he went into a stable and shot a white man in the back and then beat his brains out with the butt of his gun, then rushed into the house where he found the wife kneading bread and a babe in a cradle near by. He grabbed the shrieking woman by the hair of the head and threw her violently against the wall, then took the babe, put it into the bread pan, and shoved it into the hot oven, then turned and

shot the woman as she was trying to get up, then set fire to the house and hurried away and joined his comrades.

#### GOOD PURPOSES DEFEATED.

On Wednesday the 10th, six of the friendlies with some captive women and children started from the fort, but were discovered by some of Little Crow's warriors and brought back. This has intensified the feeling of bitterness existing between the opposing factions, and "do not speak as they pass."

#### CROW'S INTENTIONS.

Little Crow is fast losing his hold upon the young men and this fact worries him greatly and the old warrior is getting heartily discouraged. He told mother today that he intended to spend the coming winter in the Green Lake region of the big woods and kill as many whites as he could, but if he should get killed himself it would be all right. He did not want to be caught and hang.

#### WISHED WE WERE BACK AGAIN.

Frank Robertson—one of the captives—and I took a long walk on the prairie today. We wished, and wished and wished that this "cruel war was over," and that we were back with the boys at "old Seabury" again.

#### TROUBLE THREATENED.

On Sunday the 14th, the friendlies and the hostiles got into a rumput again. There came near being bloodshed. Ah-kee-pah's life was threatened. He has refused all along to join in the dances or take part in any demonstration against the whites. His band today struck their lodges and moved out and away from the main camp and established one of their own, and declared that they would fight and die like men rather than tamely submit to the insults and indignities heaped upon them by Little Crow's warriors.

#### A FRIENDLY CHIEF'S DEMANDS.

On Monday the 15th, Waaanatan, the Charger, an influential chief of the Upper Sioux, arrived from the north. He told mother that most of his people were out on the buffalo ranges and had brought but few of his warriors with him and did not expect to accomplish much. His mission was, he said, principally to consult with Little Crow about the captives and to suggest that they be released and sent to the fort (Ridgely)—at least such of them as were taken on or in the vicinity of the upper reservation—also to demand

the restoration of such goods, provisions and other articles that the hostiles took from the government supply house and traders at Yellow Medicine.

#### A FRIENDLY COUNCIL—A BRAVE CHIEF.

On Thursday the 18th, the friendlies met in council for the purpose of taking some action towards rescuing the captors and delivering them over to Col. Sibley. Some favored taking our family alone to the fort on the ground that it would not be practicable to include all the captives—that to include them all would excite bitter opposition on the part of the hostiles—who outnumbered the friendlies five to one—and might result in a general massacre and the death of every captive in camp. Little Paul and others, however, opposed this plan, saying that no distinction should be made between the captives—that to take one family only would endanger the lives of those left behind,—that all should be taken from the hostiles and delivered over to the whites at once, that with proper management and pluck and earnestness on the part of the friendlies, the hostiles would quail and every captive could be taken away and delivered over to their friends. But the idea was dropped for the time being—the council concluding that the time was not yet ripe enough for any open action in behalf of the captives. They all came and danced around our lodge that night. This was done as a mark of respect for mother.

#### PLANNING TO RESCUE WHITES.

Wannatan told mother today that he was going to start back north tomorrow and would return in fifteen days with all his warriors and take us away, by force if necessary, and deliver us to Col. Sibley.

#### QUARRELS BETWEEN FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

On Friday the 19th, the hostiles and the friendlies quarreled and came near fighting. The quarrel was ostensibly over the division of the plunder, but really over the captives. The latter wanted to take all the captives away and deliver them to the whites at the fort, while the hostiles wanted to massacre the whole outfit. The quarrel got very hot—threats made and guns fired. Tomahawks were shook at us and our situation was critical indeed. Poor mother! She has been crying all day, and has not tasted food since yesterday morning. She tries to hide her feelings, and the danger that confronts us, but we know it all and feel anxious for her.

The day was a most sad and gloomy one for us. Night came but we could not sleep.

#### A BRAVE PROTECTOR.

Lame Jim's son came to our lodge with his gun and tenderly cared for us during the night. He vowed he would shoot the first man that undertook to harm us in anyway. Saturday the 20th, was another bad day for the captives. My brother and I and all who were kept advised of the situation of things set up with others of our friends to watch for prowling Indians. Faithful Taxunkemaza (Lame Jim's son) with gun in hand walked around our lodge all night long ready to kill "two at a blow." Lame Jim was a brother of "Old Bets" and was well known in early days in and about St. Paul.

#### FEAR OF THE FRIENDLIES SAVED US.

Little Crow was very angry to find that the captives were apprised of his plans to massacre them during the night, and that they were prepared to defend themselves. In the morning he threatened our lives—said that the captives must all be killed. He ordered his warriors to massacre us, but no one dared to execute his order—no not one.

#### HOPETUL NEWS.

News came that the troops were sighted at the Redwood and that they would reach the Yellow Medicine bottom about Sunday, the 21st.

#### WHITES TO BE WIPED OUT.

The Soldiers' Lodge (from whose decision there was no appeal) had solemnly decreed to attack the troops there and to slaughter them—wipe the white marauders from the face of the earth. Little Crow wants the Sissetons to go along—take teams and help haul away the plunder. But they refused, saying they did not care to be mixed up in the quarrel.

#### PRIZES FOR SCALPS AND "OLD GLORY."

On Monday morning, the 22nd, Little Crow's camp erier went around saying that the Soldiers' Lodge had decreed that every man in camp must go at once to Yellow Medicine and meet the troops, that anyone bringing in the scalp of Sibley, Brown, Forbes, Roberts, or Myrick, or the American flag, would receive as a present from the tribe all the war-pump heads in camp and be showered with all the honors within the gift of the people, and be thereafter looked up to as the hero and chief warrior of the tribe.

#### PREPARING FOR SELF-DEFENSE.

In the afternoon of that day there was nobody left in camp but old men and boys and old women and girls, and most of the captives. As we were told by the friendlies to be prepared to defend ourselves against the hostiles upon their return from Yellow Medicine, we immediately set to work digging holes in the center of the lodges big enough for the women and children to get into, and ditched outside and around for the men.

#### MOST BEAUTIFULLY THRESHED.

On Tuesday the 23d, the Indians returned from Wood Lake. They had met the troops there instead of at Yellow Medicine and been most beautifully threshed that day.

#### CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT.

Little Crow was despondent. He was almost heart broken. He stepped outside his lodge and spoke to the people. He told them that he was ashamed to call himself a Sioux. "Seven hundred picked warriors whipped by the cowardly whites," he said. "Better run away and scatter out over the plains like buffalo and wolves," he continued. "To be sure," he went on, "the whites had big guns and better arms than the Indians and outnumbered us four or five to one, but that is no reason we should not have whipped them, for we are brave men while they are cowardly women. I cannot account for the disgraceful defeat. It must be the work of traitors in our midst"—meaning the friendlies.

#### HOW THEY WERE COUNTED.

There were 738 Indians on the battle ground at Wood Lake, and the actual number was ascertained in this way: At the crossing of a creek near Dr. Williamson's mission house, two trusty warriors were stationed on the road leading to the battle ground. As each brave passed he handed to the warriors a stick. When all had reached Yellow Medicine bottoms, a few miles from where the battle took place, these sticks were counted and found to number 738. Little Crow told mother this in my presence.

#### TO FLEE, BUT MUST KILL CAPTIVES FIRST.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Little Crow called all his warriors together and told them to pack up and leave for the plains and save the women and children, the troops would soon be upon them and no time should be lost. "But," he said, "the captives must all be killed before we leave."

They seek to defy us," he went on, "and dug trenches while we were away. They must die."

#### DESERTING THEIR LEADER.

The camp of the friendlies, where trenches were dug and earth works thrown up, and where the captives had been secreted, was pitched a little way from the main or hostile camp, and was rapidly increasing in numbers so that the captives felt comparatively safe. Indeed, when the friendlies had threatened to take Little Crow and his whole camp and turn them over to the troops and several hundred of the hostiles had come over into our camp with their captives and vowed they would stand by us, we simply laughed at Little Crow's bombastic talk.

#### DEPART LIKE THE ARABS.

Upon realizing the condition of things Little Crow and some two or three hundred of his followers hurriedly fled, "folded their tents and stole quietly away."

#### RESCUING CAPTIVES.

On Friday morning, the 26th, Gabriel Renville, Joseph La Trambole and two or three other friendlies took, at the risk of their lives two white captives, a girl and a boy, that were being carried off by a party of nine of the hostiles. This party had been to the Big Woods in the vicinity of Hutchinson and were on their way back and passing the camp with these captives when intercepted.

#### RELIEF COMING—SUDDEN CONVERSIONS.

About noon the entire camp was all excitement. The troops were approaching. Every man and woman in the camp, and every child old enough to toddle about, turned out with a flag of truce—every Indian became suddenly good. All were friendly to the whites and anxious to shake hands with Sibley, Brown, Forbes, Robert and Myrick, the five for whose scalps reward has been offered. White rags were fastened to the tips of the tepee poles, to wagon wheels, cart wheels, to sticks and poles stuck in the ground, and every conceivable object and in some grotesque manner and ludicrous way.

#### NOVEL FLAG OF TRUCE.

One Indian who was boiling over with loyalty and love for the white man threw a white blanket on his black horse and tied a bit of white cloth to its tail, and then that no possible doubt might be raised in his case he wrapped the American flag

around his body and mounted the horse and sat upon him in full view of the troops as they passed by, looking more like a circus clown than a "friendly" Indian.

#### JOY INDESCRIBABLE.

When the troops suddenly appeared on an eminence a mile away and there was no doubt that they were coming to our rescue the captives could hardly restrain themselves—some cried for joy, some went into fits or hysterics, and some fainted away. It was a joyful, yet moist and and gloomy.

#### NO GRANDER SIGHT.

ever met the eyes of anybody than when the troops marched up with bayonets glistening in the bright noon day sun and colors flying, drums beating and fife playing. I shall never forget it while I live. We could hardly realize that our deliverance had come. The troops passed by and pitched their tents a quarter of a mile from us and at once spiked their guns which commanded our camp.

#### VISIT FROM THE GENERAL.

Very soon Col. Sibley with his staff and a body of guard came over into our camp and after calling the Indians together made formal demand for the captives which were readily given up.

#### FATHER'S ARRIVAL.

Then my father and Major Cullen, Doctor Daniels and one or two other personal friends came. We went with them to the soldiers' camp and remained there until sent to Henderson a few days subsequently—my father and I only of the family remaining with the expedition.

#### THE CAPTURED CAMP.

There were about 150 lodges in the Indian camp at the time of the arrival of the troops. But a few days subsequently the camp had increased to 243 lodges. Some had been captured and brought in, while others came in of their own accord, and including the captives (and exclusive of the soldiers there were at Camp Release 2188 souls, as follows:

Indians	1,918
Captive white men	4
Captive white women and children	164
Captive mixed bloods	162

The names of the four white men who were kept captives by Little Crow were as follows:

- 1—George Spencer.
- 2—Peter Rousseau.
- 3—Louis La Belle.
- 4—Peter Rouillard.

I mention this to correct the impression that there was but one white

man (Spencer) made prisoner by the Indians.

#### PROMOTED TO SCOUT.

Upon my release from captivity I was at once put upon the U. S. scout roll and detailed for duty with Major Thomas J. Galbraith, United States Indian Agent. I acted as interpreter.

#### RETURNING HOME.

On the 4th of October I was ordered to inform the Indians that such of them as were not required as witnesses in the trial then going on must at once break camp and proceed to Yellow Medicine,—that this was rendered necessary on account of the stock of provisions running out, and that I was to go along as interpreter. We left the camp, (Camp Release) the same day under the escort of some soldiers under Capt. J. Whitney of the Sixth regiment, Minnesota Volunteers, and proceeded to our destination. The large number of cattle, horses, wagons, carriages, and buggies, and about 1250 Indians, (286 were men, the residue women and children) and about 150 soldiers, with their provisions and baggage wagons, made the train a long one.

#### RESUMING FARM WORK.

At Yellow Medicine, which we reached the same day, the Indians were all put to work digging potatoes and gathering corn. In a week we had filled several root houses and cellars—had hoisted about 6,000 bushels of potatoes and 1,500 bushels of corn.

#### WEEDING OUT THE GUILTY.

While thus engaged, and by exercising a justifiable piece of strategy, I assisted in causing the arrest and in safely detaining in custody all the Indian men (except forty-six who were above suspicion, and three or four who had "smelled a mic" and run away during the night) and disarmed them and chained them in pairs together—that is, the right leg at the ankle of one was chained to the left leg at the ankle of another.

#### JUSTIFIABLE STRATEGY.

This successful and justifiable piece of strategy took place at the government warehouse, built by my father, when he was agent a few years before, a large two story building fifty feet long, which the hostiles had burned and destroyed when they passed up on the 28th of August, but the walls of which were still standing, and was accomplished in the following manner: About a hundred yards from this building the soldiers had pitched their tents, while the

Indians camped under the hill along the Yellow Medicine creek, a half or three quarters of a mile distant. I was ordered one day to proceed to the camp and inform the Indians that the annuity roll was to be prepared the next morning, and that they must all come at an early hour and present themselves to the agent at the warehouse and be "counted." They were delighted to learn that they were at last to get their money. The annuity payment for that year had not yet been made, and this ruse worked like a charm.

#### HOW IT WAS DONE.

About 8 o'clock the next morning the Indians flocked to the warehouse anxious to be "counted." Major Gribb, Captain Whitney and two or three "clerks" were found seated at a table behind one end of the building with pens, ink, paper, etc., hard at work on the "rolls" while one of the officers and myself were stationed in a doorway at the opposite and further end. As each family would step up to the table one of the "clerks" would rise and count or number them with his finger, one, two, three, etc., and after announcing the result with a flourish and motioning for them to pass on, a soldier would step up and escort the Indians to the other end of the building where I was stationed. As they reached the further end and turned the corner and came in front of the doorway, I would tell the men to step inside and allow the women and children to pass on to the camp, telling them, as I was instructed to do, that the men as heads of families must be counted separately, as it was thought the government would pay them extra. I would then take their guns, tomahawks, scalp knives, etc., and throw them into barrels, telling them they would be returned shortly. In this way we succeeded in arresting and safely detaining in custody 234 of Little Crow's fiercest warriors. And since the Indian men outnumbered the soldiers two to one and were fully as well armed, I think that in this case "the end justified the means."

#### RECAPTURED.

In the evening of that day and before the Indians were put in irons, one of them broke from the guard and escaped to the camp where he was captured by the friendlies and brought back.

#### RETURNING.

We remained at Yellow Medicine until the 12th, when we left for the

lower agency, arriving there on the 15th—the entire expedition from Camp Release arriving at the same time.

#### TRIAL OF CAPTIVES.

Here we remained for upwards of three weeks, the time being consumed in the trial of the indicted Indians.

#### SEPARATING THE GOOD FROM THE BAD.

On the 9th of November, the uncondemned Indians and their wives and families, and the wives and families of the condemned and absent Indians, numbering in all 1,658 souls, were started off for Fort Snelling. Lieut. Col. Marshall of the Seventh regiment, Minnesota Volunteers, with an escort of three companies of soldiers, being in command.

#### MANKATO'S ALLOTMENT.

At the same time 392 condemned Indian men and seventeen Indian women as cooks, laundresses, etc., four papooses, and four of the friendlies, as assistants in the care of the prisoners, were started off for Mankato, making 417 in all. Col. Sibley and the main portion of the "expedition" and Major Brown, superintendent in charge of the Indian prisoners, accompanying these.

#### AN ANGERED MOB.

I went along with Col. Marshall's detachment—the train measuring about four miles in length. At Henderson, which we reached on the 11th, we found the streets crowded with an angry and excited populace, cursing, shouting and crying. Men, women and children armed with guns, knives, clubs and stones, rushed upon the Indians, as the train was passing by, and before the soldiers could interfere and stop them, succeeded in pulling many of the old men and women and even children from the wagons by the hair of the head, and beating them, and otherwise inflicting injury upon the helpless and miserable creatures.

#### AS BAD AS SAVAGES

I saw an enraged white woman rush up to one of the wagons and snatch a nursing babe from its mother's breast and dash it violently upon the ground. The soldiers instantly seized her and led or rather dragged the woman away, and restored the papoose to its mother—limp and almost dead. Although the child was not killed outright, it died a few hours after. The body was quietly laid away in the crotch of a tree a few miles below Henderson and not far from Faxon.

#### THE LAST OF A TRIBAL CUSTOM.

I witnessed the ceremony, which was, perhaps, the last of the kind within the limits of Minnesota; that is, the last Sioux Indian "buried" according to one of the oldest and most cherished customs of the tribe.

#### MORALIZING UPON HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

And here my thoughts reverted to the case of the Indian brave at the dance who boasted in "ghoulisglic" that he had roasted a babe in the oven, and I contrasted it with the case before me. An uncivilized heathen in the one case, and a *civilized* Christian white woman in the other!

#### A BRAVE MAN AND A BRAVE ACT.

There was another incident that took place at Henderson which is worth mentioning. I refer to a brave and noble act by one of the bravest and noblest of men—Lieut. Col. Marshall, afterwards governor of Minnesota.

While the train was passing through the town one of the citizens with blood in his eyes and half-dazed with drink rushed up with a gun leveled at Charles Crawford, one of the friendlies, and was about to fire, when "the bold charger of the plains," Lieut. Col. Marshall, who happened along on horseback, rushed between them and struck down the gun with his sabre and got Crawford out of the way, thus saving a life at the risk of his own.

#### PLAYING MAJOR GENERAL.

Prior to the outbreak my father was a major general of the state militia and had a uniform of that rank in his house at the time it was ransacked and plundered by the Indians. Crawford secured this and wore it in camp, at dances, feasts, etc. He was a tall, broad shouldered man, a good rider and fine figure on horseback, and having pants with stripes down the legs, a coat with epaulettes, a cocked hat, sash, sword, spurs, and a prancing steed, he was a noticeable figure at all gatherings. The captives noticing this, and not knowing it was done for their benefit, naturally supposed he was a hostile of the worst kind, and hence the feeling against him.

#### TWICE TRIED AND ACQUITTED.

As the records of the military commission that tried the Indians—of which Gov. Marshall was a member—shows that Crawford was brought before it twice, and underwent a most searching examination each time, and was adjudged "not guilty" on every charge, there ought

to be no doubt of the man's innocence.

#### FROM SOLDIER TO MINISTER.

Crawford rendered valuable service in the war following the outbreak, and is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Good Will, South Dakota.

#### AT FORT SNEILING.

On the 14th we reached Fort Snelling and placed the Indians in camp.

#### WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Here most of them remained—in charge of the military—until the following spring, when they were turned over to the interior department, put into steamboats and taken down the Mississippi river to the Missouri, and up the latter stream to a point called Fort Usher or Usher's Landing, but afterwards as Fort Thompson or Crow Creek Agency, D. T., about 200 miles above Yankton. In 1896 these Indians were removed down the Missouri to a point now known as Santee Agency, Nebraska.

#### MAKATO'S ALLOTMENT DISPOSED OF.

Of the condemned Indians sent to Mankato thirty-eight were hung there on the 25th of December, and the residue—except those that died from sickness—remained there until the following spring when they too were dumped into a steamboat and taken down the river to a military prison near Davenport, Iowa, where the most of them remained in *durantia* life until 1896, when they were released and returned to their friends and relatives on the Missouri.

#### SERVING UNCLE SAM.

I continued in the government service from the time of my release from captivity in 1862, with but little intermission, until the occurrence of my disabilities in 1896, a period of more than three years—half of which time I was stationed at Fort Wadsworth, D. T., and acted different times as post interpreter and as scout, chief of scouts, and inspector of scouts in the "frontier scout force." Most of the time I had charge of the escort and courier service, and also of the patrolling service in the vicinity of the Fort, and was under the immediate command of the commandant of the post and of the 3rd sub-district (District of Minnesota, Department of the Northwest)—Major Robert H. Rose, of the Second Minnesota Cavalry.

#### OF WHAT COMPOSED.

The "frontier scout force" was a special military organization com-

posed of Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians, mixed bloods and white men, the latter trappers, hunters and frontiersmen, employed by Gen. H. H. Sibley in the war following the Sioux outbreak of 1862, and commanded by Major Joseph R. Brown of the Third Regiment Minnesota Militia, until March 31, 1866, when he resigned and I, as inspector of scouts took charge of the same under Lieut. Col. C. P. Adams, of the Independent Battalion Minnesota Cavalry, who, under the general recognition of the forces operating against the hostile Sioux Indians, had been given the command of the third sub-district with headquarters at Fort Abercrombie, D. T.

#### IN COMMAND.

On the 13th of April following I was ordered to relieve the military agent, and to assume control (under the Lieut. Col. commanding) of all scouting operations and all Indian matters within the region described as follows: On the east by a line running from the foot of Big Stone Lake to the head of Lake Traverse, thence northwardly to the Twin Lakes, thence on a direct line to the Cheyenne river, on the west by a line running from the mouth of Snake creek up to the James river to the mouth of Moccasin creek, thence on a direct line to Willow Point on the Elm river, on the north by a line running up the Cheyenne river from where the east line strikes the same, until said line intersects a line crossing the Cheyenne river at the mouth of Bold Hills creek and running from the Red River of the North to the Willow Point on the Elm river, and on the south by a line running from the mouth of Snake creek on the James river eastwardly to Kampeka Lake, thence on a direct line to the foot of Big Stone Lake.

#### THE BUFFALO REPUBLIC.

On account of the immense herds of buffalo constantly passing up and down the James river flats and the cotEAU hills, this region was sportively called "Tatanku (Buffalo) Republic." In the fall of 1865 at a social gathering of some of the officers of the post, the "Republic" was declared "free and independent" with Major Robert H. Rose as president, Major Joseph R. Brown as secretary of war, Captain Arthur H. Mills as quartermaster general, and Gabriel Kenyille as captain general of all the forces operating against "the woolly buffalo and the wily Sioux."

#### SERIOUS INJURIES.

While in the service as inspector of scouts and acting military agent, and in the line of duty, I contracted injuries which deranged my eyes, dimmed my eyesight, paralyzed my muscular powers, deprived me of the use of my legs, and of all natural power of motion, and permanently impaired my general health, the same having been superinduced by over-exertion and exposure to cold and wet weather in the following manner:

#### INDICATIONS OF A RAID.

On the afternoon of April, 19, 1866, at the military agency, near Fort Wadsworth, D. T., I received information that led me to believe there was imminent danger of an Indian raid. News was brought in to the effect that fresh moccasin tracks had been discovered in the vicinity of "where they cut bows," on the upper James river, a few days before, and that the tracks led in the direction of the Minnesota frontier.

#### STRINGENT ORDERS.

I immediately reported the matter to the commanding officer at the fort and informed him that I should at once leave for the Elm river for the purpose of putting the scouts there on the *qui vive*. I was under most stringent orders not only from the lieutenant colonel commanding at Fort Abercrombie, who required me to "see that all war parties are promptly pursued and intercepted in their hostile designs against the exposed frontiers of Minnesota and Iowa," (circular order No. 3, of April 5, 1866) but also from the major general commanding at St. Paul, who required me to "keep the scouts constantly on the *qui vive*." I therefore hurriedly drew on my buffalo skin suit—jacket, leggings and moccasins—hitched a Henry to my waist belt, hurriedly bridled and saddled my horse, which stood in the stable nearby and always kept ready for any emergency of this kind that might arise, and mounting the animal and giving it the whip, started off on a brisk gallop for the Elm river scouting station—between fifty-five and sixty miles away to the westward.

#### ELM RIVER STATION.

This scouting station was occupied by seventeen lodges of scouts—regular and supernumerary—the former getting a per diem and rations and the latter rations only, and was under Joseph Routillard, chief of scouts. The camp was lo-

cated on the Elm river, west of the James, about where Ordway, Brown county, South Dakota, now is, and was regarded as one of the most important outposts in the service. Its location was far out in the hostile country and on the thoroughfare of travel for war parties from the northwest.

#### A PERILOUS NIGHT RIDE.

I left the fort, or rather the military agency half a mile east of it, at about sundown and before, I had gone far was enveloped in darkness. Indeed, when I had reached the western edge of the coteau hills—eight miles—utter darkness was upon me. The country from here on was a wild, level plain, and almost trackless. I tried to follow an old trail which led to the cottonwood grove on the James and could not. But I had been over this route before and had no trouble in making my way, and owing to the darkness I felt safe from ambush.

#### GUIDED BY THE NORTH STAR.

The north star, which peered through the clouds at intervals, was my main reliance. It was my only guide and comforter. I galloped on at a rapid pace across this wild and trackless prairie country without any interval of rest or let up whatever except when fording the James or pulling up the horse for a moment at a time to enable it to catch its breath, and arrived at my destination about midnight, making the distance—about fifty-five miles—in about five hours.

#### AT THE STATION.

Entering the camp and going direct to the chief's lodge I dismounted and proceeded to tie the horse to a wagon near by when Rouillard, who had been lying under it watching my movements, rose up and called out "hello, Sam! what's up." I hurriedly explained matters and was quickly informed that the Indians who had been sent north a month or so before as peace messengers to the hostile Sioux had that evening passed by on their return to the Cottonwood Grove, on the James, and that they had assured him peace had been made and there was no longer any danger from Indian raids.

#### GATHERING FOR PEACE CONFERENCE.

My father having been appointed a special agent of the interior department to collect the Minnesota Sioux and assemble them at Fort Rice to meet the U. S. peace commissioners there had dispatched some trusty Indian messengers to the

north to endeavor to negotiate and bring them in. These were the peace messengers referred to.

#### A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

I was struck dumb with surprise and mortification, for I was satisfied I had come on a wild goose chase, and the alarm was a false one, that no war party was coming, and that the tracks or the trail of these Indian messengers had been seen and supposed to be the tracks of hostile Indians. I at once decided to return without delay. I deemed it my duty to return at once and intercept the communication which I had sent in previous to my departure relative to hostile Indians, or to correct the same so as to not create unnecessary alarm at headquarters in St. Paul and throughout western Minnesota—the raid the spring before, particularly at the time of the murder of the Jewett family near Mankato, and the capture and hanging of the half-breed Jack Campbell there, having thrown the whole country into a feverish state of excitement and nervousness.

#### RETRACING MY STEPS.

Besides, it was considered hazardous and foolhardy in the extreme to attempt to cross the prairies by day, especially when alone, owing to the danger of being ambushed and waylaid by prowling Indians. So after securing Rouillard's fresh Indian pony, which stood picketed near the lodge, and which the chief had recommended as "tough and gamy," and saddling and bridling it, and giving my own horse a parting tap with the whip, I mounted the pony and dashed away in the night—homeward bound.

#### NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES.

There was no moon or star to be seen and I was enveloped in utter darkness. The north star which had peered through the clouds and had guided and comforted me on the way over, was no completely hidden behind heavy clouds and I was left with absolutely nothing to steer by except occasional faint flashes of lightning lighted me in the west, and although the dark and heavy clouds overhead, as well as in the west, indicated a storm, I was not in the least disturbed thereby and pushed forward in the direction of the James. When I had been out an hour or so, however, and had reached the river, and had heard the noise of the rushing waters before me, and the rumbling of thunder overhead and before me, accom-

panied by sharp flashes of lightning, and felt a few drops of rain, I became somewhat nervous.

#### A FAMILIAR LOCATION.

But when I had forded the stream and had struck an old and well beaten trail and had recognized the spot where I, with a few scouts and a supply train, and Lieut. Jonathan Darrow with part of a company of soldiers, had camped a few nights before, and had found myself fairly on the James river flat, where the country before me was as level as a barn floor, and free from wolf holes or gopher knolls, or other impediments to fast traveling, I was not only delighted but highly elated and very much encouraged, for I felt that I could keep ahead of any storm that might come up from the west. I whipped up the pony and dashed forward at a break-neck speed, and kept on at a very rapid pace until I had reached "the old hay meadow"—an ink about half way between the James river and the fort.

#### THE VOICE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.

Here I heard "the voice of the great spirit issuing from the dark clouds of the west" in a more astounding tone than before. The flashes of lightning were so blinding and the peals of thunder so deafening that I made up my mind I would stop and crawl in among the tall weeds or rushes which skirted the lake, and wait there for the rain to pass by and pulled up.

#### CHANGED HIS MIND.

I was about to alight when the thought all of a sudden struck me that some war party passing along might already have taken refuge there, and acting upon the maxim that "discretion is the better part of valor" I struck the pony with my rawhide whip and went flying past the reeds and on over the prairie at a rate that would have put a Gila, a Sheridan or a Rankin to the blush. I had proceeded but half a mile or so when there rushed upon me from behind—Indians? No.

#### A TERRIFIC WIND STORM.

I was struck by one of the most terrific wind storms I ever knew. It rushed upon me with such suddenness and with terrific force and violence that I was started and nearly unhorsed.

#### A DELUGE.

Very soon the rain came. And such rain! It fairly poured. The floodgates of heaven seemed to have broken loose.

#### FROM RAIN TO SLEET AND SNOW.

Following the rain and close upon it came sleet, hail and snow, which in a few minutes turned into a snow storm—a genuine

#### DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

Death stared me in the face, and my situation was most awful. The terrible roar of the wind, the inky blackness of the night, and the thought of becoming lost or frozen or way-laid and scalped, and heaving a sepulchre such as the wolves give, all combined, was terrible in the extreme. I need a "pencil and a pen divine" to describe it and do it justice. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to be felt or heard save wind and snow. But in spite of this I managed to keep the wind to my back and push on, or more properly speaking the wind kept to my back and pushed me on alone—volens.

#### WITHOUT COMPASS OR BEARING.

Of course, no landmarks could be seen, but I knew, or thought I knew, that the range of hills known as the Coteau-des-Prairies was before me across my way, and that I needed only to be guided by the wind to reach it. I felt that once among the hills I could find shelter in one of the numerous wooded ravines or coulees there and be safe.

#### COVERED WITH SLEET.

Very soon my clothes began to freeze, and notwithstanding my thick clothing, which kept my skin dry I was evidently uncomfortable.

#### A PLUCKY PONY.

My pony was truly "tough and gamey" as Rouillard had said it was, and it galloped on and on in the midst of the driving rain, sleet, hail snow, and through slash and mud, and across swollen streams, and frozen and icy places. The noble little animal would sometimes gallop through the rushing water, sometimes slip and slide on frozen and icy places, and sometimes break through soft ice and dump me into the water. Twice I was thus thrown, but fortunately my hair bristled—one end of which was fastened to the bridle bit and the other tucked in under my belt—prevented the pony from getting away.

#### STORM INCREASING IN FURY.

At about day break I found myself at the foot of the Coteau hills (the western slope) which I ascended. On reaching the top I found that the storm had not only not abated but seemed to have increased in fury—

that is, the winds blew more furiously and the cold was more intense but the snow was lighter and the air much clearer.

#### FEETING LAND MARKS.

Land marks could be seen. I discovered several familiar and noteworthy ones. Away to the northwest and about a mile distant is the ravine or coulee where Lieutenant Thomas Thompson (I think) of the Second Minnesota Cavalry, with a detachment of fifteen or twenty soldiers and a dozen scouts and myself, camped of a night the spring before, after wandering about on the prairie all day in search of Indians. There just to the southeast and about five miles away is the butte or high peak overlooking the James river flats and called (in official dispatches,) Hawk's Nest or Buzzard's Roost. And there down on the flats and about three miles away is the spot where Gen. Corse and staff and party of hunters from St. Paul, and a number of the officers and some of the scouts and soldiers and Indian hunters from Fort Wadsworth, the fall before, struck an immense herd of buffalo—estimated at thirty thousand strong, where a sprig of an officer on the general's staff who had evidently never seen a buffalo before got excited and accidentally shot his horse in the back of the head with his revolver and felled it to the ground and lost the day's sport—a never ending joke on the fellow,—and where on the same hunt and chase a strange adventure befell me—was chased three miles and into camp by a wounded and maddened buffalo.

#### "WHERE HE WAS AT."

I found that I was about twenty-five miles southeast of the fort—fifteen miles or more off course. The wind having shifted from the west to the northwest or north, I had without knowing it changed my own course correspondingly. So fierce was the wind that I dreaded to face it—dreaded the long ride before me. The thought that possibly hostile Indians may be lurking in one of the wooded ravines near by destroyed ideas of seeking refuge there and whipping up the pony I dashed forward. The little fellow at first lagged and needed considerable urging. It, too, dreaded to face the piercing wind. But it finally pricked up its ears and took the "dog trot" and kept it.

#### SHIVERING WITH COLD.

I was now shivering with cold and had well nigh lost all hope. Giving the pony the reins and allowing it to

jog along at its own gate and picking its own way I sat shivering and wishing I was at home. The noble little pony jogged along up hill and down, across frozen creeks, lakes, marshes, and swamps, until the fort—or rather the military agency which I had left the evening before—was reached about eight o'clock on the morning of April 20, 1886—having travelled about one hundred and fifty miles during the night.

#### A HAVEN AT LAST.

I proceeded direct to the agency building, or more properly speaking, being "played out," the pony took me straight to it, and rode up to the stockade which was built of substantial oak posts or pickets ten feet high around the building with portholes for musketry, and bastions or block-houses at the angles for the purpose of defense in case of a attack from the Indians, and dismounted or rather rolled off the pony and fell in a heap on the ground heretofore.

#### THE USE OF MY LEGS.

The muscles were perfectly relaxed but I had no control over them. Gathering myself up by aid of the pony's forelegs and mane I unbuckled the girth, took off the saddle and bridle, and let the animal go. I was completely wet through and shivering with cold, was weak, and in an exhausted condition, and as the pony struck out for the stable and lay stark near by, I staggered towards the stockade gate and fell headlong through it and against the door of the house and burst it open. I crawled in and up to a bed tick in a corner of the room where for hours, or until late in the afternoon of that day, I lay in a condition of

#### SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS AND STUPOR.

When I awoke Rip Van Winkle like, and left the house and walked slowly and with difficulty, and in a staggering manner to the teepee or lodge of Francois Vasseur, an old French trapper, frontiersman and scout, about a quarter of a mile distant towards the fort, and there suffering with aches and pains, and from a weak exhausted feeling, and with all energy and courage lost, I sent for the commanding officer, Lieut. James E. Cochrane, of the Independent Battalion, Minnesota Cavalry, who immediately came to see me. I told him all about my trip, and asked to be relieved from further duty for the reason that I was no longer fit for service. He promised to send at once (by courier) to Fort Abercrombie and correct the report I had made

the day before relative to hostile Indians and which had been forwarded that morning.

#### WHAT THE HIDE DID FOR ME.

Prior to the ride and the hardships encountered as herein set forth, I enjoyed good, sound physical health—was robust and strong, active and energetic. When a school boy I could lift more, run faster, jump higher and further than my schoolmates—at least I thought I could. The boys of "Old Seabury" at Fairbault, and of "Dixon College" at St. Paul, can testify as to that. Today I am a physical wreck, not having taken a natural step since the incurrence of my disabilities. I am compensated in a measure, however, by the reflection that I did my duty.

In Mr. Brown's "Reminiscences" he speaks of a buffalo hunt enjoyed in the fall of 1865, with Gen. Corse and members of his staff, in which Mr. Brown had a thrilling encounter with a wounded animal. The following particulars of the encounter is furnished by him, as published in the *Inter-State Tribune* of Dec. 27, 1895:

"At the time of the Minnesota massacre, or Indian outbreak of 1862, or rather of the war following that tragic event, the region lying immediately west of Brown's Valley (as far as James river) was a paradise for the buffalo hunter. Countless thousands of these 'monarchs of the prairie' were constantly found roaming over it, and for this reason, and also because the Sisseton scouts were constantly kept on the qui vive for war parties on their way to the settlements below, the region was jealously termed 'Tatanka (or Buffalo) Republic.' One evening in the fall of 1865, at a social gathering of some of the officers of the post at Fort Wadsworth, and at which champagne flowed quite free, Major R. H. Rose was declared president and commander-in-chief; Major Joseph R. Brown secretary of war; Captain A. H. Mills quartermaster general, and Gabriel Renville captain general of the forces operating against the 'wooly buffalo' and the wily Sioux."

"In the fall of 1865 Gen. Corse and staff came up from St. Paul on a tour of inspection. In order to give them a treat a number of the officers and soldiers, and some of the scouts and Indian hunters from the fort, numbering in all about one hundred, under the leadership of Gabriel Renville, escorted the distinguished par-

ty to the buffalo country about Buzzard's Roost, a high peak on the western slope of the Coteau des prairies, about forty miles nearly southwest from the fort and overlooking the James River flats. Near this point, about where the town of Grotton is located, we struck an immense herd, a terror-inspiring one, from twenty-five to thirty thousand strong. A priv of an officer, a lieutenant or captain on the general's staff and named Scott, who had borrowed the most valuable and swiftest horse at the fort, and was going to teach the Indians how best to slay the buffalo, armed himself with a brace of Colt's revolvers, telling the Indians that the long gun was no good, and the very outset or onrush, when the Indians, at a signal from Gabriel Renville began yelling and whooping in a manner that would have put the Israelites at Jericho to the blush, got excited and dropped one of his pistols, and with the other accidentally shot his horse through the head and felled it to the ground, and thereby lost the day's sport.

"At this same hunt and chase a strange adventure befell me. But before relating it I wish to say that I never was an expert buffalo hunter—that is, I never could pick out the fattest and best in the drove and kill them one after another and as fast as one could fire, as the late Chief Renville or as Charles Crawford used to do. I have seen the former, armed with a Henry repeater, shoot and kill sixteen on one 'run' and in less than that many minutes, and the latter fifteen, while four is the most I ever killed, and had a full hour to do it in. My forte was to single out the bulls, drive them from the herd and fill them with bullets. At the time I speak of I noticed in the midst of the scampering herd a big buffalo bull, a very shaggy fellow, and one of the ugliest looking brutes I had ever seen. I at once made up my mind to separate the big fellow from the drove and kill it if I could, or at least have some fun with it. I was mounted on a swift horse and armed with a Henry repeater. I rushed toward the big fellow and drove it from the herd and followed it for about three miles, peppering it as I went along, wounding it in several places and shooting off my last cartridge. It so happened that the buffalo, as if it knew I was out of ammunition and could do it no further harm, of the instant I discharged my last round, turned upon me and gave chase. I was going at full speed and

passed the animal and circled around with the buffalo in hot pursuit, not more than twenty feet away. I put the whip to my horse and fled for dear life, and was soon far in the lead, a quarter of a mile or so from the buffalo. I galloped up to the top of a knoll and looked back. I saw the big fellow coming toward me slowly and leisurely. Thinking that perhaps the animal was not after me in particular, but was crazed from the wounds I had inflicted upon it, and was simply looking for a place to drop, thought I would give it the slip and see what it would do. I went down on the opposite side of the knoll and came back around under the mound and hid behind a hillock, where I could be seen only from the top of the knoll. The buffalo soon came jogging along up the knoll and ascending up to the top. Here it stood for some minutes looking around in every direction. At the instant it caught sight of me the big fellow hounded down and took after me as before. I again put the whip to my horse and started for camp, two miles away, and soon left the buffalo far behind. I would now and then look back and see it coming at a slow pace, and when about a mile from camp again tried to puzzle the animal by passing over a mound and showing myself, and then going down into a dry run and following it back and standing partially hidden from view by the tall grass and deep washout. Very soon the big fellow came jogging along, passed by and went up the mound, and on reaching the top stopped and looked around. He stood there for some minutes looking in all directions, and the instant it caught a glimpse of me through the tall grass it again gave chase, galloping slowly and then walking; as if it meant to catch me "If it took all summer." I became somewhat nervous. Indeed the thought that my horse might step into a wolf hole or gopher knoll or stumble and throw me off and be tossed in the air by a buffalo, and a mad one at that, made me fairly shake with fear, and I put the whip to old Dobbin and dashed off. Very soon the buffalo started on a run, and when I saw this I plied the whip more vigorously than ever, and made a "bee line" for camp, into which I went tearing, with the infuriated animal close at my heels. It so happened that Capt. Mills, the quartermaster general of "Tatanka Republic," who had just got in from the chase and had not yet dismount-

ed, rode out and shot the buffalo, within a hundreds yards of the ambulance and baggage wagons."

REPORT ABOUT WAR PARTY, AND THE  
FEARS OF WHICH INDUCED MR.  
BROWN'S REMEMBRABLE HIDE.

MILITARY AGENCY,  
FORT WADSWORTH, D. T.,  
April 19, 1886.

LIEUT. JAMES E. COCHRANE,  
Post Commander.

SIR: I have the honor of reporting through you to the lieutenant colonel commanding that the chief of the Light Band has just arrived with the news that a war party is approaching the settlements. He says that on the 14th instant, or five days ago, fresh moccasin tracks leading in the direction of Big Stone lake had been discovered in the vicinity of the camp at "where they cut bows" on the upper James. I shall leave here tonight for the Elm to put the scouts there on the *qui vive*. I very much fear that for want of a scout at the mouth of the Snake or at Oak Grove on the James and a few at the mouth of the Moccasin, these rascals may be able to penetrate our lines and re-enact the horrors attending the "Jewett murder" near Maukato about this time last spring. I cannot urge too strongly the importance of at once establishing these stations. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. BROWN,

Inspector of Scouts, (Acting Military Agent.)

Taken captives by Cut Nose and Shakopec, Aug. 19, 1882:

Susan F. Brown, wife of Major Brown.

Lydia A. Blair, daughter of Major Brown.

Angus M. A. Brown, son of Major Brown.

Ellen Brown, daughter of Major Brown.

Samuel J. Brown, son of Major Brown.

Amanda C. Brown, daughter of Major Brown.

Emily A. Brown, daughter of Major Brown.

Augusta A. Brown, daughter of Major Brown.

Joseph R. Brown, Jr., son of Major Brown.

Sibley H. Brown, son of Major Brown.

Susie Brown, daughter of Major Brown.

Gervise's cook (name unknown).\*

Charles Holmes.\*

Leopold Wohler.\*

Peter Ronnlund.\*

Charles Blair, son-in-law of Major Brown.

Liberated by Little Crow.\*

Minnie Blair, daughter of Charles Blair.

Stuart Blair, child of Charles Blair.

Elizabeth Brown, wife of Angus M. A. Brown.

Edmund Brown, child of Angus M. A. Brown.

Louisa, (servant in Major Brown's family and real name unknown).\*

Mrs. Leopold Wohler, wife of L. Wohler.

Miss Jennie Ingalls

Miss Amanda Ingalls.

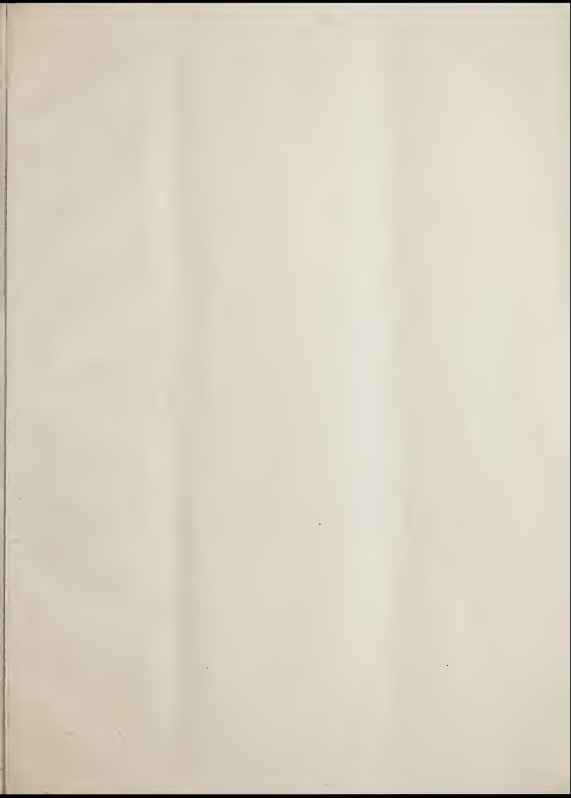
Liberated through the efforts of Mrs. Major Brown marked thus\*.

Besides there were two teamsters (teams with flour for the agency from Forest City) warned and got away.

HISTORY OF MR. BROWN'S EFFORTS TO  
GET A PENSION.

A claim for pension was made in May, 1869, through Hon. Geo. L. Otis of St. Paul, and again in March, 1875, through Hon. D. Cooper of Salt Lake City, but owing to the difficulty of appearing with my witnesses before an officer of a court of record, no formal application was made until March, 1878, through Gen. John B. Sanborn of St. Paul. This application was made in the old log house at Brown's Valley, Minn., and before A. J. Parker, clerk of district court of Big Stone county, Minn. Mr. Parker drove up from Ortonville and did the job for \$25. The claim was before the pension bureau upwards of three years when it was rejected on the ground that I had never been mustered by a mustering officer of the army. In December, 1881, I applied to congress for relief, but no progress was made

beyond the introduction of the bill in the house and the reference of it to the committee on invalid pensions until February, 1884, when that committee reported it back to the house with the recommendation that it be referred to the committee on pensions. Here it remained without action until the winter of 1884-5 when it took up my case, but declined to report in my favor on the ground that I had not been a member of any military organization, notwithstanding the earnest and united efforts of Congressmen Nelson, Strait and Wakefield in my behalf. The committee decided unanimously that the proofs were ample and conclusive, that my injuries were received in the service of the government and in the line of duty, but the majority decided that the rule which barred civilians barred me, and that I was not entitled to a favorable report. I was thunderstruck when I heard of this. The idea that because I was not technically in the military service I was not entitled to a pension, that being practically in the army cut no figure, was inexplicable and perfectly preposterous to me. Acting upon the maxim that "thrice armed is he whose cause is just" I induced Congressman Nelson, at the next session of congress, to introduce another bill for my relief. This was promptly done, and the bill promptly referred to the committee on pensions in the house, and through the earnest and untiring labors of Congressman Nelson and many of the public men of the state—among them Gen. Sibley, Gen. Sanborn, Gen. Johnson and Gov. Marshall, all of St. Paul, and Gen. Corse of Boston, and the Emory Upton Post of the G. A. R. of Brown's Valley—the bill was taken up and reported favorably March 23, 1886, and went to the senate where it was referred to committee on pensions, which reported it favorably April 6, 1886, and passed that body April 21, 1886, and became a law May 9, 1886—twenty years after the incurrence of my disabilities.





*Compliments John A. Wise*

EXECUTION OF  
Thirty-Eight Sioux Indians.



AT MANKATO, MINNESOTA,

DECEMBER 26, 1862.

(From Mankato Daily Review, Dec. 26, 1892.)

On Friday, December 26th, 1892, a few hours after the 38 Sioux Indians were hanged at Mankato, the *Mankato Record*, then owned and edited by the senior editor of the *Review*, printed a special edition of that paper containing a very full report of the event and incidents of the preceding week pertaining thereto.

Several thousand copies of this edition were printed and sold, and many were sent to all parts of the country. In the thirty-four years intervening these papers have been lost or destroyed, and very few are in existence. We are able to recall only two in this city, one of which is in the bound volume of the *Record*, preserved among the files of this office. To gratify an often-expressed wish of many citizens to procure and preserve a report of the event which has always been esteemed of so much importance in the history of Mankato, we today reproduce so much of the special edition as pertained to the execution. The *Record* was the first paper in the state to publish a detailed report of the hanging, the writer being the only press-representative present at most of the preceding interviews described, and indeed all the matter was specially prepared for the *Record*. Other papers in the state, especially the daily press of St. Paul, republished much of this matter—some without proper credit—and much of it passed into histories subsequently printed.

The original order directing that the execution take place was received here about midnight on the 17th of December, having been brought through by couriers from St. Paul. The writer put it into type immediately, and before morning copies were being carried by couriers to all the military posts in southwestern Minnesota. It was as follows:

**SPECIAL ORDER NO. 11.**

Headquarters Indian Post, }  
Mankato, Dec. 17, 1892. }

The President of the United States, having directed the execution of thirty-nine of the Sioux Indians and half-breed prisoners in my charge, on Friday, the 26th instant—be having postponed the time from the 19th instant—said execution will be carried into effect in front of the Indian prison at this place on that day at 10 o'clock a. m. The executive also enjoins that no others of the prisoners be allowed to escape, and that they be protected for the future disposition of the government; and these orders will be executed by the

military force at my disposal with utmost fidelity.

The aid of all good citizens is invoked to maintain the law and constitutional authority of the land on that occasion. The State of Minnesota must not, in addition to the terrible wrongs and outrages inflicted upon her by the murderous savages, suffer, if possible, still more fatally, in her prosperity and reputation, at the hands of a few of our misadvised, though deeply injured fellow-citizens.

STEPHEN MILLER,  
Col 7th Minn. Regt. Vols.,  
Commanding Post.

The report as printed 34 years ago is as follows:

## EXECUTION OF 38 SIOUX.

Reading of Death Warrant—Martial Law Declared.

## CONFESSIONS OF PRISONERS.

Full Particulars of the Execution, Etc.—Prohibiting the Sale of Liquor to Soldiers.

On Monday afternoon the following order was read on dress parade, which the vendors of spirituous liquors will do well to strictly adhere to:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 18.  
Headquarters Indian Post, }  
Mankato, Dec. 23d, 1892. }

All persons interested in Mankato and the adjoining distance for ten miles from these headquarters, are hereby notified to sell or give no intoxicating liquors of any description, including wine and beer, to the enlisted men of the United States forces in this valley or vicinity, unless it be upon an order from or approved by the colonel commanding.

Any violations of this order will be followed by the immediate seizure and destruction of all the liquors of the offender, and by such other punishment as the nature of the case may demand.

A vigilant patrol will be organized to visit suspected places, wagons, rooms, booths, etc., and to carry these orders into execution.

J. K. ARNOLD,  
Adjutant 7th Regt. Minn. Vols., Post Adjutant.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 17.  
Headquarters Indian Post, }  
Mankato, Dec. 23d, 1892. }

Col. Benjamin F. Smith, of Mankato; Major W. H. Dike, of Faribault; Hon. Henry A. Swift and H. W. Lamberton, Esq., of St. Peter; Edwin Bradley, Mr.

E. H. Dike, Mankato, and Reuben Butters, of Kasota, together with such other good citizens as they may select, are hereby requested to act at this place on Friday, the 26th inst., as mounted citizen marshals, Col B. F. Smith as chief and the others as assistants.

The colonel commanding respectfully recommends that they assemble at Mankato the previous evening and adopt such wholesome measure as may contribute to the preservation of good order and strict propriety during the said 26th instant.

By order of the colonel commanding.

J. K. ARNOLD, Post Adjutant.

## CITIZENS' PETITION FOR MARTIAL LAW.

For the better preservation of order on the day of execution citizens of our town, on Tuesday last, addressed the following note to Col Miller, requesting him to declare martial law in the town and vicinity:

STEPHEN MILLER, Col. 7th Regt., Minn. Vols.—

Sir: There is every probability that at the execution of a portion of the Sioux Indians on the 26th instant, now in your charge, there will be a large collection of people at this place, and in view of the excited state of the country occasioned by the outrages perpetrated by these Indians, it is apprehended that some disturbance may possibly occur on that occasion. Desirous to see law and order maintained, permit us to suggest to you the propriety of prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquor for three days, including the day before and the day after the execution, in the town and within a circle of five miles thereof. This, we presume, cannot be done without the declaration of martial law, and if this suggestion meets your views we will be happy to see you do so; and will use our influence to aid you in preserving the peace of the community and in maintaining the supremacy of the law. In making this suggestion we have no desire to intermeddle with your duties as a military officer, or to dictate to you what course you shall take on that occasion; our principal object being to inform you that in case you should take the same view of the matter that we do, that you may rely on our sustaining you in that course.

The above letter was signed by a large number of our citizens, including, we believe, nearly or quite all the dealers in intoxicating liquors in the town.

## MARTIAL LAW DECLARED.

On Wednesday evening the follow-

ing order in accordance with the above request, was issued by Col. Miller:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 21.

Headquarters Indian Post, 1  
Mankato, Dec. 24, 1862, f

The colonel commanding publishes the following rules to govern all who may be concerned and for the preservation of the public peace, declares martial law over all the territory within a circle of ten miles of these headquarters:

1. It is apprehended by both the civil and military authorities, as well many of the prominent citizens and business men, that the use of intoxicating liquors about the time of the approaching Indian execution may result in a serious riot or breach of the peace; and the unrestrained distribution of such beverages to enlisted men is always subversive of good order and military discipline.

2. The good of the service, the honor of the state and the protection on all concerned, imperatively require that for a specified period, the sale, gift or use of all intoxicating drinks, including wines, beer and malt liquors, be entirely suspended.

3. From this necessity, and for the said purposes, martial law is hereby declared in and about all territory, buildings, tents, booths, camps, quarters and other places within the aforesaid limits, to take effect at 3 o'clock on Thursday morning, the 28th inst.

4. Accordingly, the sale, tender, gift or use of all intoxicating liquors as above named, by soldiers, sojourners or citizens, is entirely prohibited until Saturday evening, the 27th instant, at 11 o'clock.

5. The said prohibition to continue as to sales or gifts of all intoxicating liquors as before described, to enlisted men, in the service of the United States—except upon special written orders or permission from these headquarters—until officially revoked by the commandant of this post.

6. For the purpose of giving full scope and effect to this order, a special patrol will visit all suspected camps, tents, booths, rooms, wagons and other places and seize and destroy all liquors so tendered, given, sold or used, and break the vessels containing the same, and report the circumstances with the name of the offender to these headquarters.

7. This order will be read at the head of every company of the United States forces, serving or coming within said limits.

STEPHEN MILLER,  
Col. 7th Regt. Minn. Vols.,  
Official, Commanding Post.

J. K. ARNOLD,  
Adjutant 7th Regt. Minn. Vols.,  
Post Adjutant.

READING OF THE DEATH WARRANT.

On Monday last the thirty-nine Indians sentenced by the president were selected out and confined in an apartment separate and distinct from the other Indians.

About half past two o'clock Col. Miller, accompanied by his staff officers, ministers and a few others, visited them in their cells for the purpose of reading to them the president's approval of their sentence, and the order for their execution.

Rev. Mr. Riggs acted as interpreter, and through him Col. Miller addressed the prisoners in substance as follows:

"The commanding officer at this place has called to speak to you upon a very serious subject this afternoon. Your Great Father at Washington, after carefully reading what the witnesses have testified in your several trials, has come to the conclusion that you have each been guilty of wantonly and wickedly murdering his white children; and for this reason he has directed that you each be hanged by the neck until you are dead, on next Friday, and that order will be carried into effect on that day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Good ministers—both Catholic and Protestant—are here, from amongst whom each of you can select your spiritual adviser, who will be permitted to commune with you constantly during the four days that you are yet to live."

The colonel then instructed Adj. Arnold to read to them in English the letter of President Lincoln, which in substance orders that thirty-nine prisoners, whose names are given, shall be executed at the time above stated. Rev. Mr. Riggs then read the letter in the Dakota language.

The colonel further instructed Mr. Riggs to tell them that they have sinned so against their fellow-men that there is no hope for clemency except in the mercy of God, through the merits of the Blessed Redeemer, and that he earnestly exhorted them to apply to that as their only remaining source of consolation.

The occasion was one of much solemnity to the persons present, though but very little emotion was manifested by the Indians. A half-breed named Millord seemed much depressed in spirits. All listened attentively, and at the conclusion of each sentence indulged their usual grunt or signal of approval. At the reading of that portion of the warrant condemning them to be hanged by the necks the response was quite feeble, and was given by only two or three. Several Indians smoked their pipes composedly during

the reading, and we observed one in particular who, when the time of execution was designated, quietly knocked the ashes from his pipe and filled it afresh with his favorite kinnekinick; while another was slowly rubbing a pipe full of the same article in his hand, preparatory to a good smoke.

The Indians were evidently prepared for the visit and the announcement of their sentence—one or two having overheard soldiers talking about it when they were removed to a separate apartment.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Col. Miller instructed Maj. Brown to tell the Indians that each would be privileged to designate the minister of his choice, that a record of the same would be made, and the minister so selected would have free intercourse with him.

The colonel and spectators then withdrew, leaving the ministers in consultation with the prisoners.

The Indians under sentence were confined in a back room on the first floor of Leech's stone building, chained in pairs, and closely and strongly guarded.

NAMES OF THE CONDEMNED.

The following are the Indian names of the condemned prisoners, also the meaning of each, as translated by Rev. S. R. Riggs:

DAKOTA.	ENGLISH.
To-hi-do-no-cha	One Who Forbids His House
Pian-do-ah, of To-geo	Red Otter
Wye-tah-taw	His People
Hio-hi-shoon-ka-yee-ne	Iron Blower
One who Walks Clothed in an Owl's Tail	
Ma-ye-boom-don	Red Leaf
Waan-do-ah	Don't Know the Meaning
Wu-h-kun	Tinkling Walker
To-tay-mu-ne	Round Maker
Ed-ah-yah-ka	Battling Renown
Do-wan-ah	The Singer
Ha-pen	Second Child if a Son
Shoon-ka-kun	White Dog
Toon-kun-chah-tag-ne-ne	
One Who Walks by His Grandfather	
Ed-ah-do-ah	Broken to Pieces
Am-do-cha	The Third Child, if a Son
Hay-ped-ah-ne	Who Stands on a Cloud
Ma-ho-oo-ke-ne-jin	Henry Millord
Chas-ka-dan	A Half-breed
Exp-dite Campbell	The First Born, if a Son
To-tay-ko-er	Wind Maker
Hay-pin-ka	The Tip of the Horn
Hypelitis Age	A Half-breed
Nap-ay-shin	One Who Does Not Flees
Wu-kun-tan-ka	Great Spirit
Toon-kun-ka-yee-ne-jin	
One who Stands Clothed with his Grandfather	
Ma-ka-ta-ne-jin	One who Stands on the Earth
Pa-wi-koo-ty-wa-ne	
One Who Walks Prepared to Shoot	
To-day-ah-don	Wind Cane Home
Wah-shi-choon	Frenchman
A-cho-ga	To Grow Upon
Ho-tin-ko-ko	Voices that Appear Coming
Chay-tan-boon-ka	The Parent Hawk
Chas-ka-jeh-ah	Near the Wood
Hu-hi-hi-bey	
To Make a Battling Noise Suddenly	
U-ya-tap-don	The Coming People
Ma-hi-wa-wa	His Father for Me
Wu-kun-yah-sh	Little Thunder

CONFESSIONS OF THE CONDEMNED.

Rev. S. R. Riggs has kindly prepared for us the following synopsis of conversations held with each one of the condemned prisoners, wherein is contained much interesting information:

1. Te-he-do-ne-cha (One who forbids his house), says he was asleep when the outbreak took place at the Lower Agency. He was not present at the breaking open of the stores, but afterwards went over the Minnesota river and took some women captives. The men who were killed there, he says, were killed by other Indians, whom he named.

2. Ptan-doo-ta, alias Ta-joo (Red Otter), says he had very sore eyes at the time of the outbreak, and was at that time down opposite Fort Ridgely. He was with the party that killed Patwell and others. Ma-ya-bon-doo killed Patwell. He took Miss Williams captive. Says he would have violated the women but they resisted. He thinks he did a good deed in saving the women alive.

3. Wy-a-tah-ta-wa (His people), says he was at the attack on Capt. Marsh's company, and also at New Ulm. He and another Indian shot a man at the same time. He does not know whether he or the other Indian killed the white man. He was wounded in following up another white man. He was at the battle of Birch Coulee, where he fired his gun four times; he fired twice at Wood Lake.

4. Hin-han-shoon-ko-yag-ma-ne (One who walks. Clothed in an Owl's Tail), says he is charged with killing white people, and so condemned; he does not know certainly that he killed any one; he was in all the battles. That is all he has to say.

5. Ma-za-boom-doo (Iron Blower), says he was down on the Big Cottonwood when the outbreak took place; that he came that day into New Ulm and purchased various articles, and then started home; he met the Indians coming down; saw some in wagons shot but does not know who killed them; he was present at the killing of Patwell and others, but denies having done it himself; he thinks he did well by Mattie Williams and Mary Swan, in keeping them from being killed; they now live and he has to die, which he thinks not quite fair.

6. Wa-pa-doo-ta (Red Leaf), is an old man; he says he was mowing when he heard of the outbreak; he saw some men after they were killed about the agency, but did not kill any one there; he started down to the Fort, and went on to the New Ulm settlement; there he shot at a man through a window,

but does not think he killed him; he was himself wounded at New Ulm.

7. Wa-he-hua (do not know what his name means), says that he did not kill any one; if he had believed he had killed a white man he would have fled with Little Crow; the witnesses lied on him.

8. Qua-ma-ne (Tinkling Walker) says he was condemned on the testimony of two German boys; they say he killed two persons; the boys told lies, he was not at that place at all.

9. Ta-tah-me-ma (Round Wind) is a brother-in-law of the former well known Mr. Joseph Renville; he was the public crier for Little Crow, before and during the outbreak; after the battle at Wood Lake he came over to the opposition, and was the crier at Camp Release when the captives were delivered up; he was condemned on the testimony of two German boys who said they saw him kill their mother; the old man denies the charge—says he was not across the river at that time, and that he was unjustly condemned. He is the only one of the thirty-nine who has been at all in the habit of attending Protestant worship; on last Sabbath he requested Dr. Williamson to baptize him, professing repentance and faith in Jesus Christ; which was done on Monday, before he knew that he was among those to be hung at this time; may God have mercy on his soul.

10. Rda-in-yan-ka (Rattling Runner) says he did not know of the uprising on Monday, the 18th of August, until they had killed a number of men; he went out and met Little Crow, and tried to stop the murders but could not. The next day his son was brought home wounded from Fort Ridgely. He forbade the delivery up of the white captives to Paul when he demanded them, and he supposes he is to be hung for that.

11. Do-wan-sa (The Singer) says he was one of the six who were down in the Swan Lake neighborhood; he knows that they killed two men, and two women, but this was done by the rest of the party, and not by himself.

12. Ha-pan (second child, it a son) says he was not in the massacres of New Ulm nor the Agency; he was with the company who killed Patwell and his companions; he took one of the women; O-va-tay-ta-wa killed Patwell.

13. Shoon-ka-ska (white dog) says that when the outbreak took place he ran away and did not get any of the stolen property; at the ferry he talked with Quian; first called to them to come over, but when he saw that the Indians were in ambush, he beckoned to Capt. Marsh to stay back; he says

that his position and conduct at the ferry were misunderstood and misrepresented; that he wasted peace and did not command the Indians to fire on Capt. Marsh's men; that another man should be put to death for that; he complains bitterly that he did not have a chance to tell the things as they were; that he could not have an opportunity of refuting the false testimony brought against him; he says that they all expected to have another trial—that they were promised it; that they have done great wrong to the white people, and do not refuse to die, but they think it hard that they did not have a fairer trial; they want the president to know this.

14. Toon-kan-e-chnah-tag-ma-ne (one who walks by his grandfather) says he took nothing from the stores except a blanket; he was at Fort Ridgely, but killed nobody; he is charged with killing white persons in a wagon, but he did not; they were killed by another man.

15. E-tag-doo-ta (Red Face) said he was woke up in the morning of Monday, the 18th of August, and went with others, but did not kill any one.

16. Am-da-cha (broken to pieces) says that he was doctoring a girl when he learned about the outbreak at the Lower Agency; he went with others and took some things from Mr. Forbes' store; he fired his gun only twice, but thinks he did not kill any one.

17. Hay-pe-dan (the third child, if a son) says he was not at the stores until all was over there; he was with Wabashaw, and with him opposed the outbreak; he was afterwards driven into it by being called a coward; he went across the Minnesota river and took two horses, and afterwards captured a woman and two children; he tried to keep a white woman from being killed, but could not; he was at the ferry when Marsh's men were killed; he had only a bow and arrows there; he was in three battles and shot six times, but does not know that he killed any one.

18. Mah-pe-o-ke-ne-jin (who stands on the cloud), Cut-nose, says that when Little Crow proposed to kill the traders he went along; he says he is charged with having killed a carpenter, but he did not do it; he fired off his gun in one of the stores; his nephew was killed at Fort Ridgely; he was out at Hutchinson when his son was killed; Little Crow took them out; he was hungry and went over to an ox, when there he saved Mr. Brown's family.

16. Henry Milrod, a half-breed. Henry says he went over the Minnesota river with Baptist Campbell and others; they were forced to go by

Little Crow; he fired his gun at a woman, but does not think he killed her; several others fired at her also; he did not see her afterwards. Henry Miford was raised by Gen. Sibley; he is a smart, active, intelligent young man, and as such, would be likely to be drawn into the Dakota rebellion; indeed, it was next to impossible for young men, whether half-breeds or young men, to keep out of it. They are to be pitted as well as blamed.

20. Chas-ky-dan (the first born, if a son) says he went to the stores in the morning of Monday; then he saw Little Crow taking away goods; he then went up to Red Wood with a relation of his; they were told that a white man was coming on the road; they went out to meet him, but the first who came along was a half-breed; They let him pass; then came a farm from Mr. Gleason and Mrs. Wakefield; his friend shot Mr. Gleason, and he attempted to fire on him, but his gun did not go off; he saved Mrs. Wakefield and the children, and now he dies while she lives.

21. Baptiste Campbell is the son of Scott Campbell, who was for many years United States Interpreter at Fort Snelling; he thinks they ought to have had a new trial; says he did not speak advisedly when before the military commission; he went over the Minnesota river with four others; they were sent over by Little Crow, and told to get all the cattle they could and kill every white man—if they did not the Soldiers' Lodge would take care of them; they went over to a farm between Beaver Creek and Birch Coulee, where they found a lot of cattle which they attempted to drive; the cattle, however, ran away, and then their attention was attracted to the owner; Campbell fired his gun first, but did not hit the man; he says his statement before the commission was misunderstood; he said he was a good shot, and if he had fired at the man he should have killed him; he fired over him intentionally; he fired because he felt compelled to do so by command of Little Crow. Campbell says that Little Crow compelled him and his brother, Joseph, to go out to Hutchinson; they tried to get away at the time of the attack on Capt. Strout's company, but were prevented; they were forced to go to the battle of Hutchinson; Little Crow told them if they did not kill white men they would be killed, but he did not shoot any men there.

22. Ta-ta-kagay (Wind Maker) is quite a young man, grandson of Sacret Walker, who took care of Mrs. Josephine Higgins and her children in their

captivity; was one of those who killed Amos W. Higgins at Lac qui Parle; the other two, who are probably the most guilty, have escaped; says he was at Red Iron's village when he heard of the outbreak; another Indian urged him to go up with him and kill Mr. Higgins; he refused at first, but afterwards went; his comrade shot Mr. H. and killed him; he then fired off his gun, but held it up.

23. Hay-pla-ka (the tip of the horn) is condemned because he boasted of having shot Stewart B. Garvie with an arrow. As it is not known that Mr. Garvie was shot with an arrow but with buck-shot, it is probably true, as he said before the commission, that he lied about it. This is not the first time a man has been killed for lying; he now says that they determined to send off all the white people from the Yellow Medicine without killing any. Mr. Garvie refused to go; he did not shoot him; he dies without being guilty of the charge, and he trusts in the Great Spirit to save him in the other world.

24. Hypolite Ange is a half-breed; says he had been a clerk in one of the stores for a year previous to the outbreak; was sent down the Minnesota river with Baptiste Campbell and others by Little Crow; shot the white man, but not until after he had been killed by others.

25. Na-pa-shue (one who does not flee) says that at the time of the outbreak he was quite lame—that he was not engaged in any of the massacres; he was not engaged in any of the battles, but was forced with others to come down to the Yellow Medicine before the battle of Wood Lake; he dies for no fault of his.

26. Wakan-tan-ka (Great Spirit) says he had been present at the commencement of the outbreak; was along with the company which came down from New Ulm; saw the men in two wagons killed, but he did not kill any one; says one witness before the commission testified that he killed one of those men, but the witness lied on him.

27. Toon-kan-ko-yag-e-na-jin (one who stands clothed with his grandfather) says that he was in the battle of Birch Coulee; was also at the battle of Hutchinson, but does not know that he killed any one.

28. Ma-ka-ta-e-na-jin (one stands on the earth) is an old man; says he has not used a gun for years; was down at New Ulm, but did not kill any one; had two sons killed; wants to have the truth told.

29. Pa-za-koo-tag-ma-ne (one who walks prepared to shoot) says he was out in a war party against the Chip-

pewas when the outbreak took place; when he came back the massacres were over; he did not kill any one; says that his statement before the commission was misunderstood; when he was asked whether he was in a war party and fired his gun, he replied, "Yes, but it was against the Chippewas and not the whites."

30. Ta-ta-hde-dan (wind comes home) says that the men of Rice Creek were the authors of the outbreak; tried to keep them from killing white people, but only succeeded partially.

31. Wa-she-choon (Frenchman) says he did not know anything about killing white people; is to die for no crime; was very much affected.

32. A-e-chaga (to grow upon) is charged with participating in the murder of an old man and two girls; made neither confession nor denial.

33. Ko-tan-in-koo (voice that appears coming) says he did not have a gun; was at the Big Woods, and struck a man with his hatchet after he had been shot by another man; did not abuse any white women.

34. Chay-tan-hoon-ka (the parent hawk) says he did not kill any one; was down at Fort Ridgely; was also at Beaver Creek and took horses from there, but did not kill the man.

35. Chan-ka-ha (near the woods) says he took Mary Anderson captive after she had been shot by another man; thinks it rather hard that he is to be hung for another's crime.

36. Hda-hin-day (to make a rattling noise suddenly) says that he was up north at the time of the outbreak and did not come down until after the killing of the whites was past; was at the battle of Wood Lake; he says he is charged with having killed two children, but the charge is false.

37. Oya-tag-a-tso (the coming people) says he was with the company that killed Patwell and others; he is charged with striking him with a hatchet after he was shot; this charge he denies.

38. Ma-hoo-way-ma (he comes for me) says he was out in one of the raids towards the Big Woods; did not kill anybody, but he struck a woman who had been killed before; was himself wounded.

39. Wa-kan-yan-wa (Little Thunder) says he is charged with having murdered one of Conrall's children, but the child is still living; has seen the child since he was before the military commission; he has done nothing worthy of death.

And now, guilty or not guilty, may God have mercy upon these thirty-nine poor human creatures, and if it be pos-

sible, save them in the other world through Jesus Christ, his Son. Amen.

In making these statements, confessions and denials they were generally calm, but a few individuals were quite excited. They were immediately checked by others, and told that they were all dead men and there was no reason why they should not all tell the truth. Many of them have indited letters to their friends in which they are very dear to them but will see them no more. They exhort them not to cry or change their dress for them. Some of them say they expect to go and dwell with the Good Spirit, and express the hope that their friends will all join them there.

On Tuesday evening they extemporized a dance with a wild Indian song. It was feared that this was only a cover for something else which might be attempted, and their chains were thereafter fastened to the floor. It seems, however, rather probable that they were only singing their death song. Their friends from the other prison have been in to bid them farewell, and they are now ready to die.

S. R. R.

#### LETTERS FROM CONDEMNED INDIANS.

The following is a copy of a letter from one of the condemned prisoners to his chief and father-in-law, Wabasha. It was taken down in the exact language dictated by the prisoner, and excepting its untruthfulness, we think it an excellent letter:

"Wabasha: You have deceived me. You told me that if we followed the advice of Gen. Sibley, and give ourselves up to the whites, all would be well—no innocent man would be injured. I have not killed, wounded or injured a white man, or any white person. I have not participated in the plunder of their property; and yet today I am set apart for execution and must die in a few days, while men who are guilty will remain in prison. My wife is your daughter, my children are your grandchildren. I leave them all in your care and under your protection. Do not let them suffer, and when my children are grown up let them know that their father died because he followed the advice of his chief and without having the blood of a white man to answer for to the Great Spirit.

My wife and children are dear to me. Let them not grieve for me. Let them remember that the brave should be prepared to meet death; and I will do so as becomes a Dacotah. Your son-in-law,  
RDA-IN-TOC-KUA.

The above Indian was convicted of participating in the murders and robberies at the Upper Agency; and the sworn testimony at Washington differs materially from his confession as given above.

#### AN AFFECTING SCENE.

On Wednesday, each Indian set apart for execution, was permitted to send for two or three of his relatives or friends confined in the main prison, for the purpose of bidding them a final adieu, and to carry such messages to the absent relatives as each person might be disposed to send. Maj. Brown was present during the interview, and describes them as very sad and affecting. Each Indian had some word to send his parents or family. When speaking of their wives and children almost everyone was affected to tears.

Good counsel was sent to the children. They were in many cases exhorted to an adoption of Christianity and the life of good feeling toward the whites. Most of them spoke confidently of their hopes of salvation. They had been constantly attended by Rev. Dr. Williamson, Rev. VanRavens, and Rev. S. R. Riggs, whose efforts in bringing these poor criminals to a knowledge of the merits of the Blessed Redeemer, had been eminently successful. These gentlemen are all conversant with the Dakota language and could converse and plead with the Indians in their own language.

Fun is a ruling passion with many Indians, and Ta-zoo could not refrain from its enjoyment even in this sad hour. Ta-ti-ma was sending word to his relatives not to mourn for his loss. He said he was old, and could not hope to live long under any circumstances, and his execution would not shorten his days a great deal, and dying as he did, innocent of any white man's blood, he hoped would give him a better chance to be saved; therefore he hoped his friends would consider his death but as a removal from this to a better world. I have every hope, said he, of going direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, where I shall always be happy. This last remark reached the ears of Ta-zoo, who was also speaking to his friends, and he elaborated upon it in this wise: "Yes, tell our friends that we are being removed from this world over the same path they must shortly travel. We go first, but many of our friends may follow us in a very short time. I ex-

pect to go direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, and be happy when I get there; but we are told that the road is long and the distance great, therefore, as I am slow in all my movements, it will probably take me a long time to reach the end of the journey, and I should not be surprised if some of the young, active men we will leave behind us will pass me on the road before I reach the place of my destination."

In shaking hands with Red Iron and Akips, Ta-zoo said: "Friends, last summer you were opposed to us. You were living in continual apprehension of an attack from those who determined to exterminate the whites. Yourself and families were subjected to many taunts, insults, and threats. Still you stood firm in your friendship for the whites, and continually counseled the Indians to abandon their raid against the whites. Your course was condemned at the time, but now we see your wisdom. You were right when you said the whites could not be exterminated, and the attempt indicated folly. Then you and your families were prisoners, and the lives of all in constant danger. Today you are here at liberty, assisting in feeding and guarding us, and thirty-nine men will die in two days because they did not follow your example and advice."

Several of the prisoners were completely overcome during the leave-taking, and were compelled to abandon conversation. Others again (and Ta-zoo was one) affected to disregard the dangers and joked apparently as unconcerned as if they were sitting around a camp fire in their perfect freedom.

On Thursday the women, who are employed as cooks for the prisoners, all of whom had relations among the condemned, were admitted to the prison. This interview was less sad but was still interesting. Locks of hair, blankets, coats, and almost every other article in the possession of the prisoners were given in trust for some relative or friend who had been forgotten or overlooked during the interview of the previous day. At this interview far less feeling was displayed than at the interview of Wednesday. The idea of allowing women to witness their weakness is repugnant to an Indian and will account for this. The messages sent were principally advice to their friends to bear themselves with fortitude and refrain from great mourning. The confidence of many in their salvation was again reiterated.

[In the preparation of the issue 34 years ago help was scarce, and much of the matter was printed without the usual formula of proof-reading. In the third paragraph of the article headed "An Affecting Interview," an originally printed it read: "There is a ruling passion with Indians," etc., but the reader is not told what that "ruling passion" is. It should have read: "Fun is a ruling passion," etc. In the republication of this article by newspapers, historians, etc., mostly without credit, this error is repeated, proving beyond doubt its first publication by the Record.]

#### THE PRISONERS ON THURSDAY.

On Thursday evening, we paid a brief visit to the condemned prisoners in their cell. The Catholic ministers were baptizing a number. All the prisoners seemed resigned to their fate, and much depressed in spirits. Many sat perfectly motionless, and more like statues than living men. Others were deeply interested in the ceremony of baptism.

#### THURSDAY NIGHT.

Thursday night passed quietly, at the quarters, nothing of special interest occurring.

#### RESPECT.

A special order was received by Col. Miller, night before last, from the president, postponing the execution of Ta-ti-mi-na, reducing the number to be executed to thirty-eight.

#### THE CROWD.

Yesterday, last night, and up to the hour of execution this morning, persons were constantly arriving to witness the hanging. Our streets were densely crowded most of the night with soldiers and visitors. The sand bar in the river, the opposite bank, and all eligible places were occupied by spectators.

#### MILITARY PRESENT.

The following is a correct statement of the military force present:

6th Regt., Lieut. Col. Averill.....	200
7th Regt., Col. Miller.....	425
9th Regt., Col. Wilkin.....	161
10th Regt., Col. Baker.....	425
Capt. White's Mounted Men.....	35
1st Regt. Mounted Rangers.....	273
Total.....	1419

#### THE GALLOWS.

The gallows, constructed of heavy, square white oak timbers, is located on the levee, opposite the headquarters. It is 24 feet square, and in the form of a diamond. It is about 20 feet high. The drop is held by a large rope, attached to a pole in the center of the frame, and the scaffold is supported by heavy ropes centering at this pole, and attached to the one large rope running down to and fastened at the ground. The gallows was afterwards sold to Mr. John F. Mengher, who used the timbers in building a warehouse. Afterwards one of the timbers was donated to the State Historical Society, and the others have been lost sight of in the course of time, some having been burned in the incendiary fire of the old barn on the corner of Second and Walnut streets.

#### THE ORDER OF EXECUTION.

We visited the prisoners in their cell an hour before the execution. Their arms were tied, some were painted, and all wore blankets or shawls over their shoulders. They were seated on the floor, composedly awaiting the appointed hour. They seemed cheerful, occasionally smiling, or conversing together.

The last hour was occupied by Father Raveaux in religious service, the prisoners following him in prayer. Their time was thus occupied until the hour of execution.

Captain Burt was officer of the day and officer of the guard.

The prisoners were confined in a rear room, on the south side, first floor, of the old Leech stone building, the windows and doors of which were securely harricaded. At an early hour in the morning admittance was denied the public, and those permitted to spend the last hours with the prisoners were the ministers, priests, reporters and officers and men of the provost guard. The irons were removed from the limbs of the prisoners and their arms pinioned and other preparations were being made while the priests were conducting service or talking to the condemned.

While Father Raveaux was still talking to the prisoners, Capt. Redfield, of the provost guard, entered the prison, whispered to him that everything was in readiness, word was communicated to Henry Milford, a half-breed, who repeated it to the Indians, most of whom were sitting about the floor. In a moment

all were upon their feet, and as the harricades were removed from the door, forming in single file, they marched quickly through the intervening room to the front door. On each side was a line of infantry, forming a pathway to the gallows, and as the prisoners caught sight of that instrument they hastened their steps, and commenced singing a death song. The officer of the day received them at the gallows, then following the lead of Capt. Redfield, they ascended the steps, and eight men detailed to assist placed them in position, and adjusted the ropes and placed on their heads unbleached muslin caps to hide their faces. All this time their song was continued with a dancing motion of the body.

Maj. J. R. Brown was signal officer, stationed in front of headquarters, he gave three taps upon a drum, and the last was to notify Capt. W. J. Daly, stationed inside the gallows, to cut the rope which held the platform. His first blow failed to do it, but a second brought down the platform with a thud, intensified by the dancing motion of the prisoners.

To those near the gallows, evidences of fear and nervousness under this trying ordeal were manifest. One Indian managed to work the nose to the back of his neck, and when the drop fell he struggled terribly; others tried to clutch the blankets of those next to them; while with a spirit of defiance one went upon the gallows with a pipe in his mouth. Two clasped hands and remained in this relation in death when their bodies were cut down. In the fall, the rope of one was broken, but the fall broke his neck, and he lay quiet upon the ground, until his body was taken up and hung in place. After the lapse of nearly ten minutes one breathed but his rope was readjusted and life soon was extinct.

Mrs. Seignorette, of Henderson and Dr. Finch of the seventh regiment, were detailed to examine the bodies, and after hanging for half an hour they were pronounced lifeless, and they were cut down.

Four teams were driven to the scaffold. The bodies were deposited in the wagons, and under an armed escort, conveyed to the place of burial—Company K, Captain Burke, without arms, acting as a burial party. The place of burial was the low flat between Front street and the river, which is overgrown by swamp willows. A trench wide

enough to permit the placing of two rows of bodies, possibly thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and four to five feet deep, was dug in the sand on the river bank, their bodies were placed in with feet to feet, the layer was covered with coarse army blankets, and over this another layer of bodies, then blankets again, the whole covered with earth.

So great was the desire for relics that crucifixes, wampum and ornaments were taken from the bodies before burial; others took locks of hair and a few cut off pieces of clothing. The burial escort and guard were under command of Lieut. Col. Marshall.

#### AN INCIDENT.

Among the soldiers doing duty on this occasion was a lad of possibly 18 or 20 years, a member of Co. K, Seventh regiment. His parents and several sisters and brothers had been murdered by an Indian on the gallows. The lad manifested great excitement throughout the proceedings, his face was pale and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. As the drop fell he pointed a finger trembling with excitement at the prisoner, and as the body dangled in the air, he gave utterance to a loud expressionless laugh, which was heard and taken up by the multitude in a shout of exultation, which could have been heard for a great distance.

#### "THE RESURRECTION."

On the day of execution a number of physicians from different parts of the state as well as army surgeons were here in person or represented by agents to procure bodies for scientific use. During the night the grave was opened and a number of bodies taken. Others were taken on subsequent nights until the grave was almost emptied. The bodies of Cutnose, named because of a slit in one side of his nose and noted for brutality, and the Indian who broke his rope, were secured by an eminent physician of an adjoining town, thorough scrubbed, and were their spirit to have returned they would not have known themselves.

In the scramble for bodies, one was dropped or hidden in the timber between the grave and the town, and next morning it was in the possession of a squad of soldiers. It was nude and frozen stiff, and the possessors were trying to place it in position for a mark. A squad from headquarters rescued and buried it

before they succeeded in their intentions, they spending the day in the guard house.

#### THE CROWD.

The civilians who witnessed the hanging were variously estimated at from two to four thousand. The first is a very conservative estimate, and a divide of the figures would probably most correctly represent the truth. The windows, porches, house tops, sheds and even trees were occupied by anxious spectators, while those content to remain on the sidewalks and streets obtained good views.

#### INCIDENTS.

The order maintained throughout the exciting event was excellent, and both the military and civilians were specially complimented. In special orders issued afterwards by Col. Miller, commander.

The day was exceedingly mild for so late in December. In the month of November and the first part of December, cold weather had been experienced, and snow had fallen to the depth of several inches, but by execution day the latter had disappeared from the streets and highways, the temperature was mild, and in the afternoon several of the regiments indulged in dress parade on Second street.

The population of the village of Mankato was probably about 1,200 people at the time of the execution, including many families of men serving in the army—regiments in the south or doing service against the Indians. It had also become the temporary residence of many engaged in the military service of the department against the Indians, either of soldiers, scouts or employees.

The attempt to capture and murder the Indian prisoners at this city, created a profound impression, especially in military circles, and when the order for the execution of the Indians was made public, grave fears of further demonstrations by civilians were entertained. Gov. Ramsey was impressed with this fear, and Col. B. F. Smith being at Fort Snelling, and consulted as to the possibility of further efforts of civilians to attack the prisoners, he expressed his willingness to come to Mankato, where he resided and was well and popularly known, to assist the military department. Asked what force he would need to assist him he replied none, saying that he had no fears in the direction indicated from

his fellow citizens. He came to Mankato, and after looking over the situation, named a number of prominent men of this section as his aids, they were appointed as such, and backed by a strong public sentiment, Col. Smith's confidence was more than verified. Not only was there no hostile demonstration, but the loyalty of the masses to civil and military regulations was so strong that it elicited the highest commendation from the authorities. Col. Miller especially referring to it in general orders.

Among those witnessing the execution was Baptist Lassallier, head chief of the Winnebago Indians, whose reservation was in this county. He was a man of fine physical development, and dressed in citizens clothes, his presence was not known except to his intimate friends and acquaintances. Always a staunch friend of the whites and loyal to authority, his sympathies were of course on the side of law and order, and against those who had so cruelly murdered the white settlers.

The military display at the execution, was conceded to have been the finest ever witnessed in the state up to that time. The soldiers had been in the service long enough to be well drilled and disciplined, they were cleanly uniformed and equipped, and presented a fine orderly appearance. They were entirely Minnesota soldiers.

Two lines of infantry were formed from the front door of the prison in which the condemned were confined to the front of the gallows, between which the Indians passed to their doom. A line of infantry enclosed the gallows, in the form of a square, and the infantry was surrounded by a line of cavalry, kept in motion until the Indians had ascended the gallows, when they were formed into lines facing the gallows. The cavalry separated the civilians from the execution grounds.

There were present artists from Harper's Weekly and Leslie's News, both of which papers published illustrations of the execution. The one we print today is the Leslie picture, which is the best and most accurate—as much so that some of the figures were recognizable.

With the exception of a few story structures, the buildings represented in the picture are as they existed then, and they are very accurate.

Capt. W. J. Daley, of the scouts, was the man selected to cut the rope that held the platform on which the prisoners stood. His wife had been a prisoner, taken from the Lake Shetek settlement, and liberated only a few days before the execution. It is said that his first blow failed to cut the rope, because of the excitement under which he labored, but the second blow was successful and speedily sent the 35 murderers to the happy hunting grounds—if such characters are there admissible.



